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TITUS ANDRONICUS

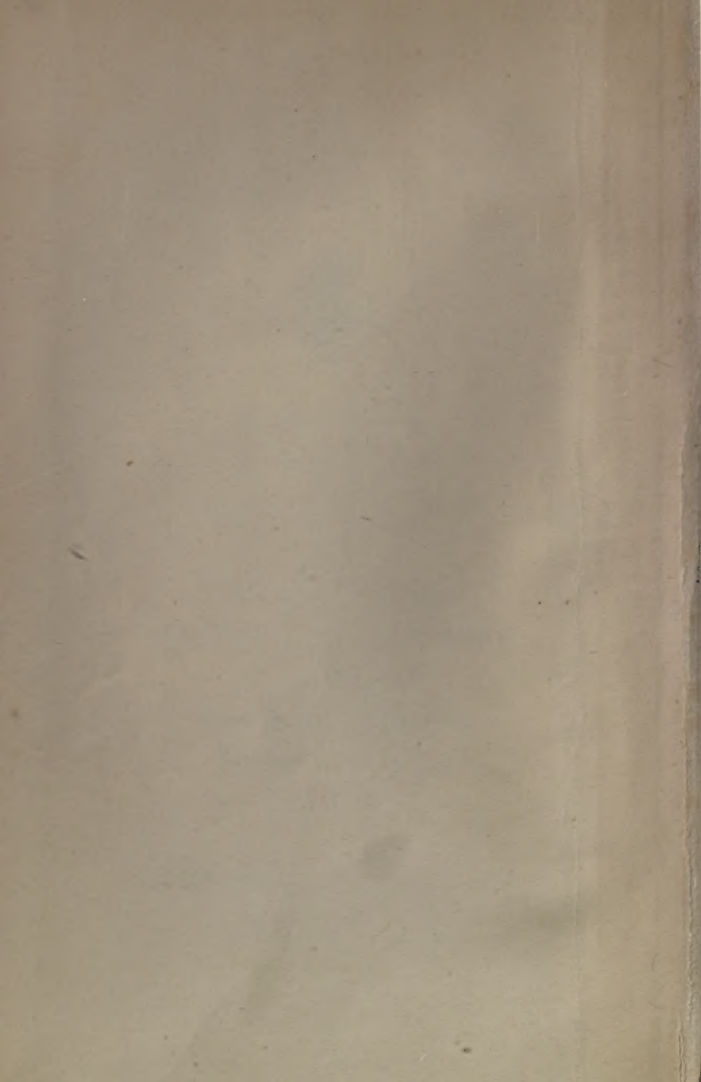
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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TITUS ANDRONICUS

WITH

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE OF
RICHARD THE THIRD

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TITUS AND LAVINIA.

Titus : "FAINT-HEARTED BOY, ARISE, AND LOOK UPON HER."

Act III., Scene 1.

W. R. Woodhouse

1920

TITUS ANDRONICUS

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF
RICHARD THE THIRD

With an Introduction by

HENRY MORLEY

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INTRODUCTION.

OF *Titus Andronicus* there were two quarto editions printed for Edward White, near the little north door of St. Paul's, at the sign of the "Gun." The first quarto, in 1600, gave the play "As it hath been played by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Darbie, the Earl of Sussex, and the Lord Chamberlain, their servants." The second quarto, in 1611, gave it "As it hath sundry times been played by the King's Majesty's Servants." Neither of these quartos names Shakespeare as the author of the play, although at either date his name would have strongly recommended it to readers.

But in the *Palladis Tamia* Francis Meres included *Titus Andronicus* in the list of Shakespeare's tragedies; and in the first folio of 1623, into which his fellow-players Heminge and Condell collected Shakespeare's works, *Titus Andronicus* is included.

In the registers of the Stationers' Company there was entered to John Danter, on the 6th of February, 1593 (new style, 1594), "a Noble Roman Historye of Tytus Andronicus," and on the same day was "entred alsoe vnto him by warraunt from Master Woodcock the ballad thereof." This agrees with the statement in Langbaine's "Account of English Dramatic Poets," published in 1691, that *Titus Andronicus* was "first

printed, quarto, London, 1594." Of the edition of 1600 only two copies exist. Of the edition of 1594, which Langbaine knew two hundred years ago, no copy is now known to exist. We may take, therefore, the year 1594 as the date of the first printing of *Titus Andronicus* in its present form. It is the year also of the first printing of *The True Tragedy of King Richard III.*, which is given in this volume, together with *Titus Andronicus*, and has no connection, except likeness of subject, with the *Richard III.* of Shakespeare. Shakespeare's *Richard III.* was the first play certainly his that was printed in 4to, and the date of its publication was 1597.

In the year 1591 there was a piece acted in London called *Titus and Vespasian*. In Henslowe's Diary it is marked as a new play (*ne*) when he first mentions it on the 11th of April, 1591, and there are frequent mentions of it between that date and the 15th of January, 1593 [4], which show that it was popular. There is no *Vespasian* in the play ascribed to Shakespeare. The old play of *Titus and Vespasian* is lost in England. But Mr. Albert Cohn in his illustrations of "Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" (published in 1865) gives the text of a tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*, acted by English players in Germany about the year 1600, which is evidently a revision of *Titus and Vespasian*, for it does contain a *Vespasian* who is one of the sons of *Titus*.

The persons of the old play as acted in Germany were *Vespasianus*; The Roman Emperor; *Titus Andronicus*;

Andronica; Ætiopissa, Queen of Ethiopia, Empress; Morian; Helicates, eldest son of Ætiopissa; Saphonus, second son of Ætiopissa; The Husband of Andronica (not otherwise named); Victoriades; a Messenger and White Guards. The play opens with a speech by Vespasian, who has the Roman Crown in his hand. This answers to the speech of Marcus Andronicus in the play ascribed to Shakespeare. Ætiopissa, Queen of Ethiopia, becomes Tamora, Queen of the Goths, presented by Titus Andronicus to the Emperor. Morian corresponds to Aaron the Moor. Helicates and Saphonus, sons of Ætiopissa, who love Andronica, daughter of Andronicus, married to a husband who appears in the play, but has no name assigned to him, are Demetrius and Chiron, sons of Tamora, who love Lavinia, daughter of Andronicus, beloved by Bassianus.

In this German version of the old English play, after the scenes in the wood, when Morian causes Titus Andronicus to cut off his right hand to save two of his sons from execution, Titus's remaining son, Vespasian, and Titus's brother Victoriades, both offer their own hands for his. When they have gone to cast lots which shall make the sacrifice, and Titus meanwhile cuts off his own hand, on their return it is Vespasian who enters with rejoicing that the lot has fallen upon him. Then comes Morian, with the heads of the two sons of Titus and his hand returned to him; and Vespasian calls for sword and armour, that he may fight "not like a man, but like a furious devil," to avenge his father's wrong. Vespasian swoons at the sight of his sister Andronica, who enters with her

tongue and hands cut off. It is he, afterwards, who spreads sand on the floor, that she may take a staff between her stumps and write upon the sand the names of those who had thus injured her. The crimes of the day of the hunt are so discovered. The incidents of Morian—Aaron—and his child lead on to his capture by men of the army raised by Vespasian—in the other play, Lucius. Vespasian has marched through Italy, everywhere striking terror. He is resolved to seize the emperor, the empress and her two sons, when Morian and his child are found and brought to him, and the whole truth is told to him by Morian, who seeks thereby to save his child. Then follows the revenge of Titus, with all its horrible incidents. After Titus has killed Ætiopissa, the emperor kills Titus. Then Vespasian “leaps over the table” and kills the emperor. After which, says his uncle Victoriades, “O woeful, woeful! most harrowing sight. Ah, I shall never be happy again. Now, Vespasian, the empire belongs to you; place the crown on your head, and rule in peace.” And so the play ends with Vespasian, son of Titus Andronicus, Emperor of Rome.

Thus, thanks to Mr. Albert Cohn, we have restored to us, in mangled form, the old play of *Titus and Vespasian*, with absolute certainty that it was the original of *Titus Andronicus*. We find in it all those crude horrors which Shakespeare himself could never have invented, but which were delightful to rough audiences that divided their attention between plays and bear-baiting, until the poets worked with finer magic on the minds of men.

Now, in the days when Shakespeare was a player, altering old plays with ready pen, but not yet known as a dramatic poet, there was this play of *Titus and Vespasian* greatly delighted in for its entanglement of horrors. Even the players might consider it absurd to associate a tale like this with the early life of the Roman Emperor Vespasian, notwithstanding the very bold use of emperors' names in the tales of the *Gesta Romanorum*. Shakespeare got rid of that absurdity. He distributed the business of Vespasian between Titus's brother Marcus and his son Lucius. He struck out other crudities, and gave here and there more poetical form to the sound and fury of the lines, taking good care rather to concentrate than to dilute the horrors which were the main feature of the play. One horror those early Elizabethans had not reached, and that is the misuse of the word "sensational," by which some moderns would describe plays of this kind. The play was to be, and was, of its kind thorough, after as before revision. It was no invention of Shakespeare's; it is not reconstructed upon Shakespeare's lines; but, as we see, characters were renamed, some of the matter was recast, crudities were struck out, here and there the writing was touched over, and some fresh lines were inserted. We find lines in which we feel young Shakespeare's touch, and while the whole construction of the play that Shakespeare worked upon is thoroughly unlike the inventions of Shakespeare himself, its crude horrors are, no doubt, felt the more intensely for his removal of absurdities in the first way of telling them. and for touches of his that gave

more pomp of words and more force to the style, with now and then some small hint of a grace beyond the reach of the inventor and first writer of the play.

The *True Tragedy of Richard III.*, added in this volume, is given as another example of a form of play beyond which Shakespeare made advance, that can be partly measured by comparing with it his own early tragedy on the same theme. But the reader of the old play, given here as it was first printed—with correction only of some obvious errors—will not fail to observe passages of blank verse printed as prose, lines wrongly divided, and other defects of the press that are not to be charged on the old poet, who did not want vigour, and whose work was evidently known to Shakespeare.

H. M.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|--|--|
| SATURNINUS, <i>Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.</i> | ÆMILIUS, <i>a noble Roman.</i> |
| BASSIANUS, <i>Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.</i> | ALARBUS, } <i>Sons to Tamora.</i> |
| TITUS ANDRONICUS, <i>a noble Roman, general against the Goths.</i> | DEMETRIUS, } |
| MARCUS ANDRONICUS, <i>Tribune of the People and Brother to Titus.</i> | CHIRON, } |
| LUCIUS, } | AARON, <i>a Moor, beloved by Tamora.</i> |
| QUINTUS, } <i>Sons to Titus Andronicus.</i> | <i>A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.</i> |
| MARTIUS, } | <i>Goths and Romans.</i> |
| MUTIUS, } | TAMORA, <i>Queen of the Goths.</i> |
| Young LUCIUS, <i>a Boy, Son to Lucius.</i> | LAVINIA, <i>Daughter to Titus Andronicus.</i> |
| PUBLIUS, <i>Son to Marcus the Tribune.</i> | <i>A Nurse, and a black Child.</i> |
| | <i>Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.</i> |

SCENE—ROME, and the Country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Capitol.

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing ; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers at one side, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms ;

And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome :
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of
my right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility :
But let desert in pure election shine ;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRÖNICUS, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by
friends

Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we
stand

A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnaméd Pius

For many good and great deserts to Rome :
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, trained up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride : five times he hath returned
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field ;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength.
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
thoughts !

Bass. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,

And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortune's and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weighed.

[*Exeunt the Followers of* BASSIANUS.]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of* SATURNINUS.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bass. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish.* SATURNINUS and BASSIANUS
go up into the Capitol.]

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans, make way ! The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is returned

From where he circumscribéd with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of
TITUS's Sons. After them two Men bearing a
coffin covered with black ; then two other Sons.
After them TITUS ANDRONICUS ; and then
TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS,
AARON, and other Goths, prisoners ; Soldiers
and People following. They set down the
coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning
weeds !

Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weighed her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !
These that survive, let Rome reward with love ;
These that I bring unto their latest home,

With burial amongst their ancestors.

Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.

Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren,

[*The tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !
O sacred réceptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store
That thou wilt never render to me more !

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones ;
That so the shadows be not unappeased,
Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren !—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son :

And if thy sons were ever dear to thee
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke ;
But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets
For valiant doings in their country's cause ?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood :
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them then in being merciful :
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead ; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice :
To this your son is marked, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that armed the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen),
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,
with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have performed
Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopped,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

*[Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in
the tomb.]*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells ;
Here grow no damnéd drugs ; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long ;
My noble lord and father, live in fame.
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies :
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !—
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

*Enter below MARCUS ANDRONICUS and Tribunes ;
re-enter SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and others.*

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my belovéd brother,
Gracious triúmpHER in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother
Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
 Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
 That in your country's service drew your swords;
 But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
 That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,¹
 And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
 This palliament² of white and spotless hue,
 And name thee in election for the empire,
 With these our late-deceased emperor's sons.
 Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
 Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
 What should I don this robe, and trouble you,—
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
 To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully,
 And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,

1. Solon declared that no man was to be called happy until he died.
 2. S. coin word from pallium. (robe)

In right and service of their noble country.

Give me a staff of honour for mine age,

But not a sceptre to control the world :

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the
emperey.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
tell ?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right.—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them
not

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—

Andronicus, would thou wert shipped to hell,

Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

Tit. Content thee, prince : I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from them
selves.

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die :
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be ; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and noble tribunes here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages :

Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you ; and this suit I
make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth
And ripen justice in this commonweal :
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—‘ Long live our emperor !’

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor
And say,—‘ Long live our Emperor Saturnine !’

[*A long flourish.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress.
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,

And in the sacred Pántheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and in this match
I hold me highly honoured of your grace :
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord :
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record ; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*To TAMORA.*] Now, madam, are you
prisoner to an emperor ;
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance :
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and
drum.

Bass. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine. [*Seizing LAVINIA.*

Tit. How, sir ? Are you in earnest then, my
lord ?

Bass. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolved withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's
guard ?

Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surprised.

Sat. Surprised ! by whom ?

Bass. By him that justly may

Bear his betrothed from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her
back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy !
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Kills* MUTIUS.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help !

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so ;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine :
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife
That is another's lawful promised love. [*Exit*

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begged the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are
these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing
piece

To him that flourished for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of
Goths,

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee Empress of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I
swear,

If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, ac-
company

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conqueréd.
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS and his Followers ;
TAMORA and her Sons ; AARON and
Goths.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonoured thus, and challengéd of wrongs ?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see ! O, see what thou hast
done !

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

That hath dishonoured all our family :
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes :
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame ; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can ; he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him :
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quint., Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall ! What villain was it spake that word ?

Quint. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What ! would you bury him in my despite ?

Marc. No, noble Titus ; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded :

My foes I do repute you every one ;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself: let us withdraw.

Quint. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.*

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—

Quint. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman ; be not barbarous :
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself ; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barred his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.—

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,

To be dishonoured by my sons in Rome !—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS *is put into the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with
thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Marc. My lord,—to step out of these dreary
dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome ?

Tit. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is ;
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far ?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter, at one door, SATURNINUS, attended ; TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON ; at the other door, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have played your prize :
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride !

Bass. And you of yours, my lord ! I say no more,
Nor wish no less ; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have
power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bass. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothéd love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile, I am possessed of that is mine.

Sat. 'T is good, sir: you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bass. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wronged;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath,
To be controlled in that he frankly gave.
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath expressed himself, in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'T is thou, and those, that have dishonoured me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and honoured Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam ! be dishonoured openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord : the gods of Rome for-
fend,

I should be author to dishonour you !
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs.
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

[*Aside to SATURNINUS.*] My lord, be ruled by me, be
won at last ;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your throne.
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family.

The cruel father, and his traitorous sons
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
And make them know what 't is to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—

[*Aloud.*] Come, come, sweet emperor ;—come, Andronicus :—

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise : my empress hath prevailed.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.—
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have passed
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia ;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his
highness

That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour, and our own.

Marc. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not : trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;
I will not be denied : sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's
here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come ; if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bon*
jour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

• [Trumpets. *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach
And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;
So Tamora.

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress.
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held fettered in amorous chains
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts !
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold
To wait upon this new-made empress.

To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwrack and his commonweal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am graced,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'T is not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the
peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, un-
advised,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath

Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonoured in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy
tongue

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say!

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?

What ! is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broached
Without controlment, justice, or revenge ?
Young lords, beware !—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world :
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some
meaner choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad ? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love ?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her, how ?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange ?
She is a woman, therefore may be wooed ;
She is a woman, therefore may be won ;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man ! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know ;

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus
may.

Dem. Then, why should he despair that knows
to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch
or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too;

Then should not we be tired with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools,
To square for this? would it offend you then,
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that
you jar.

'T is policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve

That what you cannot as you would achieve

You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me : Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words :
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come ; our empress, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with advice
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
 turns ;
There serve your lust, shadowed from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Forest near Rome.

Horns and cry of Hounds heard.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.*, MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

[*Horns wind a peal*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,
DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;—

Madam, to you as many and as good.—

I promised your grace a hunter's peal

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bass. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav.

I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us
have.

And to our sport. [*To TAMORA.*] Madam, now
shall ye see

Our Roman hunting.

Marc.

I have dogs, my lord,

Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the
game

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound;

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A lonely Part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had
none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,

And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly

Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,

Which, cunningly effected, will beget

A very excellent piece of villainy :

And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest

[Hides the gold.]

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?

The birds chaunt melody on every bush ;

The snake lies rolléd in the cheerful sun ;

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,

And make a chequered shadow on the ground.

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,

And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise :
And—after conflict, such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoyed,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave—
We may, each wreathéd in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
birds,

Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ;
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs :
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;

His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day :
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more ; we are espied :
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than
life !

Aar. No more, great empress. Bassianus comes .
Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bass. Whom have we here ? Rome's royal
empress,
Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop ?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandonéd her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps !
Had I the power that some say Dian had
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transforméd limbs,

① But the wedding was to take place the day after the marriage I i. p. 34 - *See*
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Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to day ;
'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you séquestered from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wandered hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness !—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-coloured love ;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bass. The king, my brother, shall have note of
this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted
long ! ①

Good king, to be so mightily abused !

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look
pale?

These two have ticed me hither to this place :

A barren detested vale you see it is ;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe :

Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven.

And when they showed me this abhorréd pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confuséd cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me, they would bind me
here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,

And leave me to this miserable death :

And then they called me foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect ;
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be not henceforth called my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my
strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous
Tamora ;

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard : you shall know, my
boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her :
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And, with that painted hope she braves your
mightiness :

And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that
sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preservéd honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with her !

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : let it be your glory
To see her tears ; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the
dam ?

O, do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee ;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to
marble ;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike :

[*To CHIRON.*] Do thou entreat her show a woman
pity.

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself
a bastard ?

Lav. 'T is true, the raven doth not hatch a lark :

Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion moved with pity did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means? away with
her !

Lav. O ! let me teach thee : for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—

Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice ;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.

Therefore, away with her, use her as you will :
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora ! be called a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place ;
For 't is not life that I have begged so long :
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then ? fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'T is present death I beg ; and one thing
more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.

O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit

Where never man's eye may behold my body :

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away ! for thou hast stayed us here too
long.

Lav. No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah, beastly
creature !

The blot and enemy to our general name !

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring
thou her husband :

[*Dragging off* LAVINIA.

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt* CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Tam. Farewell, my sons : see, that you make her
sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quint. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you : were 't not for
shame

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[Falls into the pit.]

Quint. What ! art thou fallen ?—What subtle
hole is this

Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distilled on flowers ?

A very fatal place it seems to me.

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mart. O brother ! with the dismall'st object
hurt,

That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here,

That he thereby may give a likely guess,

How these were they that made away his brother.

[Exit.]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallowed and blood-stainéd hole ?

Quint. I am surprised with an uncouth fear ;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints :
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining
heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quint. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate
heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O ! tell me how it is ; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewéd here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughtered lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quint. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he ?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks.
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood

O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell devouring réceptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
out ;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be plucked into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy
help.

Quint. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose
again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below.—

Thou canst not come to me ; I come to thee.

[*Falls in*

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leaped into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead ! I know, thou dost but
jest :

He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out, alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS
ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord the king ?

Sat. Here, Tamora ; though grieved with killing
grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
wound :

Poor Bassianus here lies murderéd.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*

The complot of this timeless tragedy ;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads.*] " An if we miss to meet him hand-
somerly,—

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.

Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murdered Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[*Showing it.*]

Sat. [*To Titus.*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of
bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What! are they in this pit? O wondrous
thing!
How easily murder is discoveréd!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed;
That this fell fault of my accurséd sons,
Accurséd, if the fault be proved in them,—

Sat. If it be proved! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord : yet let me be their bail ;
For, by my fathers' reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them : see, thou follow
me.

Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers :
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain ;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king :
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come ; stay not to talk with
them. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE V.—The Same.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA
ravished ; her hands cut off, and her tongue
cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravished thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy mean-
ing so ;

An if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can
scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to
wash ;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 't were my case, I should go hang my-
self.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the
cord.

[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Enter MARCUS, *from hunting.*

Marc. Who's this ?—my niece, that flies away
so fast ?

Cousin, a word : where is your husband ?—

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me !

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopped and hewed, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness

As have thy love ? Why dost not speak to me ?—

Alas ! a crimson river of warm blood

Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflouréd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah ! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame ;
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encountered with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee ? shall I say, 't is so ?
O, that I knew thy heart ; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind !
Sorrow concealéd, like an oven stopped,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sewed her mind :
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sewed than Philomel.
O ! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touched them for his life ;
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony,

Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropped his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye :
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee :
O, could our mourning ease thy misery ! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice,
with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on
to the place of execution ; TITUS going before,
pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes,
stay !

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;
For all the frosty nights that I have watched ;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see

Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;
Be pitiful to my condemnéd sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 't is thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed :
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
 [Throwing himself on the ground.]
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush
 [Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners]
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain
That shall distil from these two ancient urns
Than youthful April shall with all his showers :
In summer's drought, I 'll drop upon thee still ;
In winter, with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear son's blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes ! gentle, aged men !
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain :
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,

And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you
speak.

Tit. Why, 't is no matter, man : if they did hear,
They would not mark me, or if they did mark,
They would not pity me, yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale.

When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
And were they but attir'd in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than
stones ;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to
death. *[Rises.]*

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
drawn ?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death ;
For which attempt the judges have pronounced

My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man ! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?
Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine : how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banishéd !
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep ;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break :
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me ! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon
her.—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accurséd hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy ?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too :

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life ;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use :
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other.—
'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyred
thee ?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabbed them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this
deed ?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath received some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer ; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more, than had he killed me dead :
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environed with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge

Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
Here stands my other son, a banished man,
And here my brother, weeping at my woes ;
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me : what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so ?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyred thee :
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemned and dead by this.
Look, Marcus ; ah ! son Lucius, look on her :
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gathered lily almost withered.

Marc. Perchance, she weeps because they killed
her husband ;

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stained, like meadows yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wondered at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your
grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drowned it with thine
own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia! I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her
signs.

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee :
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this ;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss !

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king : he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor ! O gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I 'll send the emperor
My hand.

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,

And reared aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?
O, none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death :
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go !

Tit. Sirs, strive no more : such withered herbs
as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And for our father's sake, and mother's
care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them
both :

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside.*] If that be called deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off* TITUS's hand.

Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife ; what shall be, is despatched.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it :

More hath it merited ; that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchased at an easy price ;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus ; and, for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.

[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth ;

If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call.—[*To LAVINIA.*] What! wilt thou
kneel with me?

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our
prayers,

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O, brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er-
flow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflowed and drowned:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sentst the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back :
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mocked ;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[*LAVINIA kisses TITUS.*

Marc. Alas, poor heart ! that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starv'd snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Marc. Now farewell, flattery : die, Andronicus.
Thou dost not slumber : see thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here ;
Thy other banished son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs.
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes !
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

Marc. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with
this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed :
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears ;
Then, which way shall I find Revenge's cave ?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be returned again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,

That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things :
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight ;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there ;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father ;
The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome.
Farewell, proud Rome : till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been !
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in TITUS's House. A
Banquet set out.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS,
a boy.

Tit. So, so ; now sit ; and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
MARCUS, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot :
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannise upon my breast ;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

[*To LAVINIA.*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost
talk in signs,

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth, '
And just against thy heart make thou a hole
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,

Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie ! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee dote
already ?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can she lay on her life ?

Ah ! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ;

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,

Lest we remember still that we have none,

Fie, fie ! how frantically I square my talk,

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands !—

Come, let's fall too ; and, gentle girl, eat this.—

Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says ;

I can interpret all her martyred signs.

She says she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brewed with her sorrow, mashed upon her cheeks.

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect

As begging hermits in their holy prayers :

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign.

But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet.

And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments :

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

Marc. At that that I have killed, my lord,—a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my heart ;

Mine eyes are cloyed with view of tyranny :

A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone ;

I see, thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas ! my lord, I have but killed a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother,
How would he hang his slender gilded wings
And buzz lamenting doings in the air ?

Poor harmless fly,

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry ! and thou hast killed him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir : it was a black ill-favoured fly,

Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore I killed him.

Tit. O, O, O !

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah, sirrah !—

Yet I think we are not brought so low

But that between us we can kill a fly

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me :

I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee

Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—

Come, boy, and go with me : thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before TITUS's House.

Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help ! my aunt Lavinia Follows me everywhere, I know not why.— Good uncle Marcus, see, how swift she comes ! Alas ! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius ; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs ?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius :—somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee : Somewhither would she have thee go with her Ah, boy ! Cornelia never with more care Read to her sons than she hath read to thee Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus ?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her ;
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad ;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow : that made me to fear ;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth ;
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt ;
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will.

[*LAVINIA turns over with her stumps the books
which LUCIUS had let fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia ?—Marcus, what means
this ?

Some book there is that she desires to see.—
Which is it, girl, of these ?—Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skilled ;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.—
What book ?
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Marc. I think, she means that there was more
than one

Confederate in the fact :—ay, more there was ;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

Boy. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's *Metamorphoses* :
My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, she culled it from among the rest

Tit. Soft ! so busily she turns the leaves !
Help her :

What would she find ?—Lavinia, shall I read ?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape ;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see ! note, how she quotes
the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet
girl,

Ravished and wronged, as Philomela was,
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?—
See, see !—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—
O, had we never, never hunted there !
Patterned by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but
friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed :
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece :—brother, sit down
by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find !—
My lord, look here ;—look here, Lavinia :
This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,
This after me.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it
with feet and mouth.]*

I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Cursed be that heart that forced us to this
shift !—

Write thou, good niece, and here display at last
What God will have discovered for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth !

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
with her stumps, and writes.]*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Marc. What, what !—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

Tit. *Magne dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord ; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere
And father of that chaste dishonoured dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how ;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake, an if she wind you once :
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back ;
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman : Marcus, let alone ;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,

And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by. The angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bedchamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full
oft

For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury :
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-
sire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
course.

Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house :
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court ;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his battered shield ;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge.—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus ! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, at one door ;
at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant,
with a bundle of weapons; and verses writ
upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—

[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods confound you
both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What's the news?

Boy. [*Aside.*] That you are both deciphered,
that's the news,

For villains marked with rape. [*To them.*] May it
please you,

My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say,
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, [*aside*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here ? A scroll ; and written round
about ?

Let's see :

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.*

Chi. O, 't is a verse in Horace ; I know it well :
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just !—a verse in Horace ;—right, you
have it.

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !
Here's no sound jest ! the old man hath found
their guilt,

And sends them weapons wrapped about with lines
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick ;
But were our witty empress well afoot
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit :
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was't not a happy
star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height ?

It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius ?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Pray to the devils ; the gods have
given us over. [*Trumpets sound.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus ?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here ?

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords. O, tell me, did you
see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace.—
She is delivered, lords, she is delivered.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean she's brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath
he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam:
A joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, you whore ! Is black so base a hue ?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone
her.

Woe to her chance, and damned her loathéd choice !
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must : the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse ? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point :
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains ! will you kill your brother ?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys !
Ye white limed walls ? ye ale-house painted signs !
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue ;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own ; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus ?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress ; this, myself ;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth :
This before all the world do I prefer ;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her
death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty
bears.

Fie, treacherous hue ! that will betray with blush-
ing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart :
Here's a young lad framed of another leer.
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, ' Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self blood that first gave life to you ;
And from that womb where you imprisoned were
He is enfranchisé and come to light :
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stampéd in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice :
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you ;
Keep there : now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords : when we all join in
league,

I am a lamb ; but if you brave the Moor,
The chaféd boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,

And no one else but the delivered empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself :
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away.
Go to the empress ; tell her this I said :

[*Stabbing her.*

Weke, weke !—so cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? wherefore
didst thou this ?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued babbling gossip ? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman ;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanced,
And be receiv'd for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords ; you see, I have given her physic.

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.

This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, bearing off
the dead Nurse.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipped slave, I'll bear you
hence ;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit with the Child.*]

SCENE III.—Rome. A public Place.

Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters on the ends of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—kinsmen, this is the way.—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit:

Be you remembered, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets,
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land.—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'T is you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable;

What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannise o'er me.—
Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearched :
This wicked emperor may have shipped her hence ;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius ! is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully ;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ? how now, my masters ?
What, have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you
word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall :
Marry, for Justice, she is so employed,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere
else,

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we ;
No big-boned men, framed of the Cyclops' size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can
bear :

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer,
Marcus. [*He gives them the arrows.*

Ad Jovem, that's for you :—here, *ad Apollinem* :—
Ad Martem, that's for myself :—

Here, boy, to Pallas :—here, to Mercury :
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine :
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy ; Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect ;
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court :

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O,
well said, Lucius !

Good boy, in Virgo's lap : give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon :
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou
done ?

See, see ! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord : when
Publius shot,
The Bull, being galled, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court ;
And who should find them but the empress' villain ?
She laughed, and told the Moor he should not
choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes : God give his lordship
joy !

*Enter the Clown, with a basket and two pigeons
in it.*

News ! news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is
come.

Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?
Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clo. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says that he
hath taken them down again, for the man must
not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

Clo. Alas, sir! I know not Jupiter: I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir! I never came there. God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold meanwhile, here's money for thy
charges.

Give me pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.—

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords, and others: SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, used in such contempt?

My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods—
However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears—there nought hath passed
But even with law against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress :
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury ;
This to Apollo ; this to the god of war ;
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome !
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords ?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feignéd ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages ;
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health ; whom, if he sleep,
He'll so awake as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Caln thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,

Whose loss hath pierced him deep, and scarred his
heart ;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. [*Aside.*] Why, thus it shall
become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all :
But, Titus, I have touched thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out. If Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow ! wouldst thou speak with us ?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'T is he.—God and Saint Stephen give you good den. I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[*SATURNINUS reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have ?

Tam. Come, sirrah ; you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged ! By'r lady, then I have brought
up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs !
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy ?
I know from whence this same device proceeds.
May this be borne ?—As if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butchered wrongfully !—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair :
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege.—
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughterman ;
Sly frantic wretch, that holpst to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius ?

Æmil. Arm, my lords ! Rome never had more
cause.

The Goths have gathered head, and with a power
Of high-resolvéd men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus :
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths ?
These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with
storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.
'T is he the common people love so much :
Myself hath often overheard them say,
When I have walkéd like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wished that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody ;
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fish or honey-stalks to sheep,
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will ;
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
[*To ÆMILIUS.*] Go thou before, be our ambassador :
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably :
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, and an army of Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs ;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath.
Let them make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us : we' ll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be avenged on curséd Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in
his arms.*

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
strayed,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controlled with this discourse:—
'Peace, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace,'—even thus he rates the
babe—

'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'
With this, my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,
Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,

To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil,

That robbed Andronicus of his good hand :

This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye,

And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust. —

Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?

Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? not a word ?

A halter, soldiers ! hang him on this tree,

And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy ; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good. —

First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;

A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Get me a ladder ! [*A ladder brought, which AARON
is made to ascend.*]

Aar. Lucius, save the child ;

And bear it from me to the empress.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things

That highly may advantage thee to hear :

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,

I'll speak no more ; but vengeance rot you all !

Luc. Say on ; an if it please me which thou
speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee
Lucius,

'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously performed :
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind : I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no
god :

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not ;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, calléd conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath :—for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him :—therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up ;

Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the
empress.

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut ! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'T was her two sons that murdered Bassianus :
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravished her,
And cut her hands, and trimmed her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O détestable villain ! call'st thou that
trimming ?

Aar. Why, she was washed, and cut, and
trimmed, and 't was

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set ;
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
That bloody mind, I think, they learned of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
I trained thy brethren to that guileful hole
Where the dead corse of Bassianus lay ;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mentioned,

Confederate with the queen and her two sons ;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
I played the cheater for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pryed me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;
Beheld his tears, and laughed so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his :
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never
blush ?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill :
As kill a man, or else devise his death ;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ;
Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
Make poor men's cattle stray and break their necks ;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
' Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut ! I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
And nothing grieves me heartily, indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire :
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius! what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me :

And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,


Willing you to demand your hostages,

And they shall be immediately delivered.

1 *Goth.* What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,

And we will come.—March away. [*Exeunt.*



SCENE II.—Rome. Before TITUS's House.

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad habiliment
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.—
Knock at his study where they say he keeps
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge :
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,

And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Titus opens his study door.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crim-
son lines;

Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom.

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome
me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands ;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge :
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels,
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves :
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea :
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with
me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers ? what are they
called ?

Tam. Rapine and Murder ; therefore calléd so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they
are,

And you the empress ! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad-mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge ! now do I come to thee ;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
[will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,

Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house.—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.—
How like the empress and her sons you are !
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor ;
And would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee
wrong,

And I will be revengéd on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of
Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him : he's a murderer.—

Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him : he's a ravisher.—

Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court

There is a queen attended by a Moor :

Well may'st thou know her by thine own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee.

I pray thee, do on them some violent death ;

They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lessoned us : this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,

To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house :

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,

I will bring in the empress and her sons,

The emperor himself, and all thy foes,

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,

And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.

What says Andronicus to this device ?

Tit. Marcus, my brother !—'t is sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him, the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.

[Exit.]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to them.*] What say you, boys?
will you abide with him
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have governed our determined jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they
suppose me mad.

And will o'erreach them in their own devices,
A pair of curséd hell-hounds, and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure ; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus : Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell. [Exit TAMORA.]

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employed ?

Tit. Tut ! I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

Enter PUBLIUS, and others.

Pub. What is your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. The empress' sons

I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie ! thou art too much
deceived ;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name ;

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius ;

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it : therefore, bind them sure,

And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.

[Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c., seize CHIRON and
DEMETRIUS.]

Chi. Villains, forbear ! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound ? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA ; *she bearing a basin, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, Come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are bound.—

Sir, stop their mouths ; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius !

Here stands the spring whom you have stained
with mud ;

This goodly summer with your winter mixed.

You killed her husband, and for that vild fault

Two of her brothers were condemned to death,

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest :

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.

What would you say, if I should let you speak ?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats.

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.—
Hark, villains ; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste ;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged.
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come.

[He cuts their throats.]

Receive the blood : and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
And in that paste let their vild heads be baked.—
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.]

SCENE III.—Court of TITUS's House. Tables
set out.

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths ; with AARON
prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 *Goth.* And ours, with thine ; befall what
fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous
Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accurséd devil.
Let him receive no sustenance ; fetter him
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings.
And see the ambush of our friends be strong :
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart ?

Luc. Away, inhuman dog ! unhallowed slave !—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Trumpets sound.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes,
and others.*

Sat. What! hath the firmament more suns than
one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the
parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordained to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound.*]

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled,
young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the
dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread
queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;

And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,

'T will fill your stomachs: please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you
were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this :

Was it well done of rash Virginius,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforced, stained, and defloured ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant

For me, most wretched, to perform the like.—

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die !

[*Kills* LAVINIA.]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and un-
kind ?

Tit. Killed her, for whom my tears have made
me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravished? tell, who did the deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 't was Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravished her and cut away her tongue,
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, bakéd in that pie
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp
point. [Killing TAMORA.]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accurséd deed!
[Killing TITUS.]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[Killing SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The
people in confusion disperse. MARCUS,
LUCIUS, and their partisans go up into a
gallery.]

Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of
Rome,

By uproar severed, like a flight of fowl

Scattered by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body,
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
[To LUCIUS.] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst
our ancestor

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad-attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night
When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy.
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitched our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
But floods of tears will drown my oratory
And break my very utterance even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale ;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That curséd Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murderéd our emperor's brother ;
And they it was that ravishéd our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despised, and basely cozened
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out
And sent her enemies unto the grave :
Lastly, myself unkindly banishéd,
The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;
Who drowned their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know, I am no vaunter, I ;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me ;
For, when no friends are by, men praise them-
selves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child ;

Of this was Tamora deliveréd,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damned as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you,
Romans ?

Have we done aught amiss ? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak ! and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of
Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor ; for well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Marc. Lucius, all hail ! Rome's royal emperor !—

[*To Attendants.*] Go, go into old Titus sorrowful
house,

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.—

[*LUCIUS, &c., descend.*

Lucius, all hail ! Rome's gracious governor !

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans : may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe !
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task.—
Stand all aloof ;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses* **TITUS.**

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stained face,
The last true duties of thy noble son !

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy : come, come, and learn
of us

To melt in showers. Thy grandsire loved thee
well ;

Many a time he danced thee on his knee,

Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;
Many a matter hath he told to thee
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy :
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so :
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave ;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire ! even with all my
heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again.—
O Lord ! I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1 *Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with
woes !

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish
him ;

There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food :
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom ;
Some stay to see him fastened in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will :
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

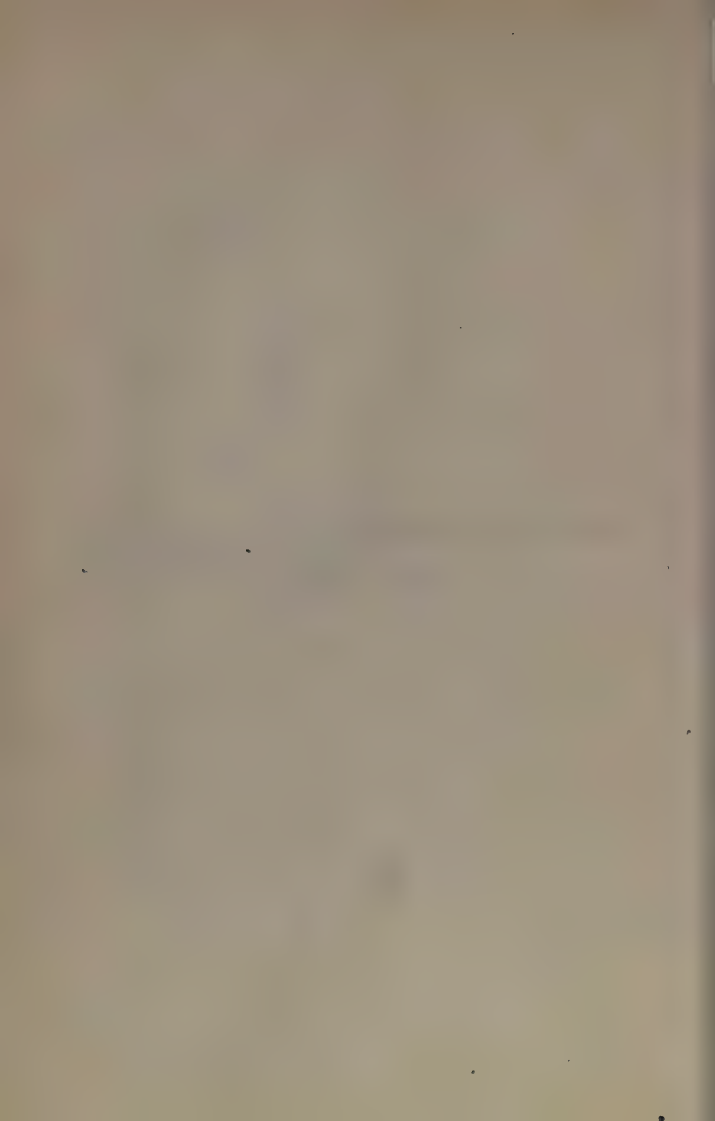
Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral right, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Her life was beast-like and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damned Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[*Exeunt.*

27/1/20

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD
THE THIRD.



THE TRVE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

ACT I.

*Enters TRUTH and POETRIE. To them the Ghoast of
George Duke of Clarence.*

Ghost. Cresce, cruor : sanguis satietur sanguine : cresce,
Quod spero citò. O citò, citò, vendicta. [Exit.

Poetrie. Truth well met.

Truth. Thankes Poetrie, what makes thou vpon a stage?

Poet. Shadowes.

Truth. Then will I adde bodies to the shadowes,
Therefore depart and giue Truth leaue
To shew her pageant.

Poet. Why will Truth be a Player?

Truth. No, but Tragedia like for to present
A Tragedie in England done but late,
That will reuiue the hearts of drooping mindes.

Poet. Whereof?

Truth. Marry thus.

Richard Plantagenet of the House of Yorke,
Claiming the Crowne by warres, not by dissent,
Had as the Chronicles make manifest,
In the two and twentieth yeare of Henry the sixth,
By act of Parliament intailed to him
The Crowne and titles to that dignitie,
And to his ofspring lawfully begotten,
After the decease of that forenamed King,
Yet not contented for to staie the time,
Made warres vpon King Henry then the sixth,
And by outrage suppressed that vertuous King,
And wonne the Crowne of England to himselfe,
But since at Wakefield in a battell pitcht,
Outragious Richard breathed his latest breath,

Leauing behind three branches of that line,
 Three sonnes: the first was Edward now the King,
 George of Clarence, and Richard Glosters Duke,
 Then Henry claiming after his decease
 His stile, his Crowne and former dignitie
 Was quite suppressed, till this Edward the fourth.

Poet. But tell me truth, of Henry what ensued?

Truth. Imprisoned he in the Tower of London lies
 By strict command, from Edward Englands King,
 Since cruelly murthered, by Richard Glosters Duke.

Poet. Whose Ghoast was that did appear to vs?

Truth. It was the ghost of George the duke of Clarence,
 Who was attected in King Edwards raigne,
 Falsly of Treason to his royaltie,
 Imprisoned in the Tower was most vnnaturally,
 By his owne brother, shame to parents stocke,
 By Glosters Duke drowned in a but of wine.

Poet. What shield was that he let fall?

Truth. A shield containing this, in full effect,
 Blood sprinkled, springs: blood spilt, craues due reuenge:
 Whereupon he writes, *Cresce, cruor:*

Sanguis satietur sanguine: cresce,
Quod spero citò. O citò, citò, vendicta!

Poet. What maner of man was this Richard Duke of
 Gloster?

Truth. A man ill shaped, crooked backed, lame armed,
 withall,

Valiantly minded, but tyrannous in authoritie,
 So during the minoritie of the yoong Prince,
 He is made Lord Protector ouer the Realme.
 Gentles suppose that Edward now hath raigned
 Full two and twentie yeares, and now like to die,
 Hath summond all his Nobles to the Court,
 To sweare alleageance with the Duke his brother,
 For truth vnto his sonne the tender Prince,
 Whose fathers soule is now neare flight to God,
 Leauing behind two sonnes of tender age,
 Fiue daughters to comfort the haplesse Queene,
 All vnder the protection of the Duke of Gloster:
 Thus gentles, excuse the length by the matter,
 And here begins Truthes Pageant, Poetrie
 Wend with me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter EDWARD THE FOURTH, LORD HASTINGS, LORD MARCUS, *and* ELIZABETH. *To them* RICHARD.

Hast. Long liue my soueraigne, in all happinesse.

Mar. An honourable age with Cresuss wealth,
Hourcly attend the person of the King.

King. And welcome you Peeres of England vnto your King.

Hast. For our vnthankfulnesse the heauens hath throwne thee downe.

Mar. I feare for our ingratitude, our angry God doth frowne.

King. Why Nobles, he that laie me here
Can raise me at his pleasure.

But my deare friends and kinsmen,

In what estate I now lie it is seene to you all,

And I feel myselfe neare the dreadfull stroke of death.

And the cause that I haue requested you in friendly wise

To meete togither in this,

That where malice & enuy sowing sedition in the harts of men

So would I haue that admonished and friendly fauours,

Ouercome in the heart of you Lord Marcus and Lord Hastings

Both, for how I haue gouerned these two and twentie yeares,

I leaue it to your discretions.

The malice hath still bene an enemy to you both,

That in my life time I could neuer get any lege of amity betwixt you,

Yet at my death let me intreate you to imbrace each other,

That at my last departure you may send my soule

To the ioyes celestiall:

For leauing behinde me my yoong sonne,

Your lawfull King after my decease,

May be by your wise and graue counsell so gouerned,

Which no doubt may bring comfort

To his famous realme of England.

But (what saith Lord Marcus and Lord Hastings)

What not one word? nay then I see it will not be,

For they are resolute in their ambition.

Eliz. Ah yeeld Lord Hastings,
 And submit your selues to each other :
 And you Lord Marcus, submit your selfe,
 See here the aged King my father,
 How he sues for peace betwixt you both :
 Consider Lord Marcus, you are son to my mother the
 Queene,

And therefore let me intreat you to mittigate your wrath,
 And in friendly sort, imbrace each other.

King. Nay cease thy speech Elizabeth,
 It is but folly to speake to them,
 For they are resolute in their ambitious mindes,
 Therefore Elizabeth, I feele my selfe at the last instant of
 death,

And now must die being thus tormented in minde.

Hast. May it be that thou Lord Marcus,
 That neither by intreatie of the Prince,
 Nor curtuous word of Elizabeth his daughter,
 May withdraw thy ambition from me.

Mar. May it be that thou Lord Hastings,
 Canst not perceiue the mark his grace aimes at.

Hast. No I am resolute, except thou submit.

Mar. If thou beest resolute giue vp the vpsshot,
 And perhaps thy head may paie for the losses.

King. Ah Gods, sith at my death you iarre,
 What will you do to the yong Prince after my de-
 cease ?

For shame I say, depart from my presence, and leaue me to
 my self,

For these words strikes a second dying to my soule :

Ah my Lords I thought I could haue commanded
 A greater thing then this at your hands,
 But sith I cannot, I take my leaue of you both,
 And so depart and trouble me no more.

Hast. With shame and like your Maiestie I submit
 therfore.

Crauing humble pardon on my knees,
 And would rather that my body shal be a pray to mine
 enemy,

Rather then I will offend my Lord at the houre
 And instance of his death.

King. Ah thanks Lord Hastings.

Eliz. Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, sith Lord Hastings
Is contented to be vnited.

King. Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, thou art too obstinate.

Mar. My gracious Lord, I am content,
And humbly craue your graces pardon on my knee,
For my foule offence,
And see my Lord my brest opened to mine aduersary,
That he may take reuenge, then once it shall be said,
I will offend my gracious suffereinge.

King. Now let me see you friendly giue one an other
your hands.

Hast. With a good will ant like your grace,
Therefore Lord Marcus take here my hand,
Which was once vowde and sworne to be thy death,
But now through intretie of my Prince,
I knit a league of amitie for euer.

Mar. Well Lord Hastings, not in show but in deed,
Take thou here my hand, which was once vowed
To a shiuered thy bodie in peecemeales,
That the foules of the ayre should haue fed
Their yoong withall,
But now vpon aleageance to my Prince, I vow perfect
loue,
And liue friendship for euer.

King. Now for confirming of it, here take your oathes.

Hast. If I Lord Hastings falcifie my league of friendship
Vowde to Lord Marcus, I craue confusion.

Mar. Like oath take I, and craue confusion.

King. Confusion.

Now, my Lords, for your yoong King, that lieth now at
Ludlo,

Attended with Earle Riuers, Lord Gray, his two vnkles,
And the rest of the Queenes kindred,
I hope you will be vnto him as you haue bene to me,
His yeares are but yoong, thirteene at the most,
Vnto whose gouernment, I commit to my brother the
Protector,
But to thee Elizabeth my daughter,
I leaue thee in a world of trouble,
And commend me to thy mother, to all thy sisters,
And especially I giue thee this in charge vpon & at my
death,

Be loyall to thy brother during his authoritie,
 As thy selfe art vertuous, let thy praiers be modest,
 Still be bountifull in deuotion.
 And thus leauing thee with a kisse, I take my last farwell,
 For I am so sleepeie, that I must now make an ende,
 And here before you all, I commit my soule to almighty
 God,

My sauour, and sweet redeemer, my bodie to the earth,
 My Scepter and Crowne to the yong Prince my sonne:
 And now Nobles, draw the Curtaines and depart,
 He that made me saue me,
 Vnto whose hands I commit my spirit.

[*The King dies in his bed.*]

Enter SHORES WIFE, and HURSLY her mayde.

Shor. O Fortune, wherefore wert thou called Fortune?
 But that thou art fortunate?
 Those whom thou fauourest be famous,
 Meriting mere mercie,
 And fraught with mirrors of magnanimitie,
 And Fortune I would thou hadst neuer fauoured me.

Hurs. Why mistresse, if you exclaime against Fortune,
 You condemne your selfe,
 For who hath aduanced you but Fortune?

Shor. I as she hath aduanced me,
 So may she throw me downe:
 But Hursly, doest not heare the King is sicke?

Hurs. Yes mistresse, but neuer heard that euerie sicke
 man died.

Shor. Ah Hursly, my minde presageth
 Some great mishaps vnto me,
 For last time I saw the King, me thought
 Gastly death approached in his face,
 For thou knowest this Hursly, I haue bene good to all,
 And still readie to preferre my friends,
 To what preferment I could,
 For what was it his grace would deny Shores wife?
 Of any thing, yea were it half his reuenues,
 I know his grace would not see me want,
 And if his grace should die,
 As heauens forfend it should be so,

I haue left me nothing now to comfort me withall,
 And then those that are my foes will triumph at my fall,
 And if the King scape, as I hope he will,
 Then will I feather my *neast*,
 That blow the stormie winter neuer so cold,
 I will be throughly provided for one:
 But here comes Lodwicke, seruant to Lord Hastings
 How now Lodwicke, what newes?

Enters LODWICKE.

Lod. Mistresse Shore, my Lord would request you,
 To come and speake with him.

Shor. I will Lodwicke.

But tell me what newes, is the King recouered?

Lod. I mistresse Shore, he hath recouered,
 That he long lookt for.

Shor. Lodwicke, how long is it since
 He began to mend?

Lod. Euen when the greatest of his torments had left him.

Shor. But are the nobles agreed to the contentment of
 the Prince?

Lod. The Nobles and Peeres are agreed as the King
 would wish them.

Shor. Lodwicke thou reuiuest me.

Lod. I but few thought that the agreement and his life
 would haue ended together.

Shor. Why Lodwicke is he dead?

Lod. In briefe mistresse Shore, he hath changed his life.

Shor. His life, ah me vnhappy woman,
 Now is misery at hand,

Now will my foes tryumph at this my fall,
 Those whom I haue done most good, will now forsake me.

Ah Hursly, when I entertained thee first,
 I was farre from change, so was I Lodwicke,
 When I restored thee thy lands.

Ah sweete Edward, farwell my gracious Lord and souer-
 eigne,

For now shall Shores wife be a mirrour and looking glasse,
 To all her enemies.

Thus shall I finde Lodwicke, and haue cause to say,
 That all men are vnconstant.

Lod. Why mistresse Shore, for the losse of one friend,
Will you abandon the rest that wish you well?

Shor. Ah Lodwicke I must, for when the tree decaies
Whose fruitfull branch haue flourished many a yeare,
Then farewell those ioyfull dayes and ofspring of my
heart,

But say Lodwicke, who hath the King made Protector,
During the innormitie of the yoong Prince.

Lod. He hath made his brother Duke of Gloster Protector.

Shor. Ah me, then comes my ruine and decaie,
For he could neuer abide me to the death,
No he alwaies hated me whom his brother loued so well,
Thus must I lament and say, all the world is vnconstant.

Lod. But mistresse Shore, comfort your selfe,
And thinke well of my Lord,
Who hath alway bene a helper vnto you.

Shor. Indeed Lodwicke to condemne his honour I cannot,
For he hath alway bene my good Lord,
For as the world is fickle, so changeth the minds of men.

Lod. Why mistresse Shore, rather then want should
opresse

You, that litle land which you beg'd for me of the King,
Shall be at your dispose.

Shor. Thanks good Lodwicke.

Enter a CITIZEN and MORTON a seruing man.

Cit. O maister Morton, you are very welcome met,
I hope you think on me for my mony.

Mor. I pray sir beare with me, and you shall haue it,
With thanks too.

Cit. Nay, I pray sir let me haue my money,
For I haue had thanks and too much more then I lookt for.

Mor. In faith sir you shall haue it,
But you must beare with me a litle,
But sir, I marvell how you can be so greedie for your mony,
When you see sir, we are so vncertaine of our owne.

Cit. How so vncertaine of mine owne?
Why doest thou know any bodie wil come to rob me?

Mor. Why no.

Cit. Wilt thou come in the night and cut my throte?

Mor. No

Cit. Wilt thou and the rest of thy companions,
Come and set my house on fire?

Mor. Why no, I tell thee.

Cit. Why how should I then be vncertaine of mine owne?

Mor. Why sir by reason the King is dead.

Cit. O sir! is the King dead?

I hope he hath giuen you no quittance for my debt.

Mor. No sir, but I pray staie a while, and you shall
haue it

As soone as I can.

Cit. Well I must be content, where nothing is to be
had,

The King looseth his right they say,
But who is this?

Mor. Marry sir it is mistresse Shore,
To whom I am more beholding too for my seruice,
Than the deereest friend that euer I had.

Cit. And I for my sonnes pardon.

Mor. Now mistresse Shore, how fare you?

Shor. Well Morton, but not so well as thou hast known
me,

For I thinke I shal be driuen to try my friends one day.

Mor. God forfend mistresse Shore,
And happie be that Sunne shall shine vpon thee,
For preseruing the life of my sonne.

Shor. Gramercies good father,
But how doth thy sonne, is he well?

Cit. The better that thou liues, doth he.

Shor. Thankes father, but I am glad of it,
But come maister Lodwicke shall we go?
And you Morton, youle bear vs company.

Lod. I mistresse Shore,
For my Lord thinkes long for our comming. [*Exit omnes*]

Cit. There there, huffer, but by your leaue,
The Kings death is a maim to her credit,
But they say, there is my Lord Hastings in the Court,
He is as good as the Ase of hearts at maw,
Well euen as they brew, so let them bake for me:
But I must about the streets, to see and I can meete
With such cold customers as they I met withall euen now,
Masse if I meete with no better,
I am like to keepe a bad hoshold of it. [*Exit.*]

*Enters RICHARD, Sir WILLIAM CASBIE, Page of his Chamber,
and his traine.*

Rich. My friends depart,
The houre commands your absence.
Leaue me and euery man look to his charge. [*Exit traine.*

Cas. Renowned and right worthie Protector,
Whose excelency far deserues the name of king then
protector,
Sir William Casbie wisheth my Lord,
That your grace may so gouerne the yong Prince,
That the Crowne of England may flourish in all happinesse.
[*Exit Casbie.*

Rich. Ah yong Prince, and why not I?
Or who shall inherit Plantagines but his sonne?
And who the King deceased, but the brother?
Shall law bridle nature, or authoritie hinder inheritance?
No, I say no: Principalitie brooks no equalitie,
Much less superioritie,
And the title of a King, is next vnder the degree of a God,
For if he be worthie to be called valiant,
That in his life winnes honour, and by his sword winnes
riches,
Why now I with renowne of a souldier, which is neuer sold
but
By waight, nor changed but by losse of life,
I reapt not the gaine but the glorie, and since it be-
commeth
A sonne to maintaine the honour of his deceased father,
Why should I not hazard his dignitie by my brothers
sonnes?
To be baser than a King I disdaine,
And to be more then Protector, the law deny,
Why my father got the Crowne, my brother won the
Crowne,
And I will wear the Crowne,
Or ile make them hop without their crownes that denies me:
Haue I remoued such logs out of my sight as my brother
Clarèce
And king Henry the sixt, to suffer a child to shadow me,
Nay more, my nephew to disinherit me,

Yet most of all, to be released from the yoke of my
brother
As I terme it, to become subiect to his sonne,
No death nor hell shall not withhold me, but as I rule
I will raigñ,
And so raigñ that the proudest enemy shall not abide
The sharpest shoure. Why what are the babes but a
puffe of
Gun-powder? a marke for the soldiers, food for fishes,
Or lining for beds, deuices enough to make them away,
Wherein I am resolute, and determining needs no counsell,
Ho, whose within?

Enters PAGE and PERCIUALL.

Per. May it please your Maiestie.

Rich. Ha villaine, Maiestie.

Per. I speake but vpon that which shal be my good
Lord.

Rich. But whats he with thee?

Page. A Messenger with a letter from the right honour-
able

The Duke of Buckingham.

[*Exit PAGE.*

Rich. Sirra giue place.

Ah how this title of Maiestie, animates me to my purpose.
Rise man, regard no fall, haply this letter brings good
lucke,

May it be, or is it possible,

Doth Fortune so much fauour my happinesse

That I no sooner deuise, but she sets abroach?

Or doth she but to trie me, that raising me aloft,

My fall may be the greater, well laugh on sweete change,

Be as be may, I will neuer feare colours nor regard ruth,

Valour brings fame, and fame conquers death.

Perciuall.

Per. My Lord.

Rich. For though thy letter declares thy name,

Thy trust to thy Lord, is a sufficient warrant

That I vtter my minde fully vnto thee,

And seeing thy Lord and I haue bene long foes,

And haue found now so fit opportunitie to ioynè league,

To alaie the proude enemy, tell him thus as a friend,

I do accept of his grace, and will be as readie to put in
practise

To the vttermost of my power, what ere he shalbe to deuise ;
But wheareas he hath writ that the remouing of the yoong
Prince from the Queenes friends might do well,
Tell him thus, it is the only way to our purpose,
For he shall shortly come vp to London to his Coronation,
At which instant, we will be both present,
And where by the helpe of thy Lord, I will so plaie my part,
That ile be more than I am, and not much lesse then I looke
for,

No nor a haire bredth from that I am,
Aiudge thou what it is Perciuall.

Per. God send it my Lord, but my Lord willed me to
satisfie you, and to tell you by word of mouth that he hath
in readinesse a braue company of men.

Rich. What power hath he?

Per. A braue band of his owne.

Rich. What number?

Per. My Lord, to the number of five hundreth footmen.
And horsmen ayders vnto him, is my Lord Chamberlaine,
and my Lord Hastings

Rich. Sounes, dares he trust the Lord Hastings?

Per. I my Lord as his owne life, he is secret I warrant you.

Rich. Well Perciuall, this matter is waigtie and must
not be slipt, therefore return this answere to thy Lord, that
to morrow I will meet him, for to day I cannot, for now the
funerall is past I must set a screene before the fire for feare
of suspition: again, I am now to strengthen my selfe by the
controuersie that is betwixt the kindred of the King deceast,
and the Queene thats liuing, the yoong Prince is yet in
huesters handling, and they not throughly friendes, now
must I so worke, that the water that driues the mill may
drowne it. I climbe Perciuall, I regard more the glorie
then the gaine, for the very name of a King redouble a
mans life with fame, when death hath done his worst, and so
commend me to thy Lord, and take thou this for thy paines.

Per. I thanke your grace, I humbly take my leaue.

[*Exit PERCIUALL.*]

Rich. Why so, now Fortune make me a King, Fortune
giue me a kingdome, let the world report the Duke of
Gloster was a King, therefore Fortune make me King, if

I be but King for a yeare, nay but halfe a yeare, nay a moneth, a weeke, three dayes, one daye, or halfe a day, nay an houre, swounes halfe an houre, nay sweete Fortune, clap but the Crowne on my head, that the vassals may but once say, God saue King Richards life, it is inough. Sirrha, who is there?

Enter PAGE.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. What hearest thou about the Court?

Page. Ioy my Lord for your Protectorship for the most part. Some murmure, but my Lord they be of the baser sort.

Rich. A mightie arme wil sway the baser sort, authority doth terrifie.

But what other newes hearest thou?

Page. This my Lord, they say the yong king is comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vncles, Earle Riuers & Lord Gray, and the rest of the Queenes kindred.

Rich. A parlous bone to ground vpon, and a rush stifly knit, which if I could finde a knot, I would giue one halfe to the dogs and set fire on the other.

Page. It is reported my Lord, but I know not whether it be true or no, that the Duke of Buckingham is vp in the Marches of Wales with a band of men, and as they say, hee aims at the Crowne.

Rich. Tush a shadow without a substance, and a feare without a cause: but yet if my neighbours house bee on fire, let me seek to saue mine owne, in trust is treason, time slipph, it is ill iesting with edge tooles, or dallying with Princes matters, Ile strike whillst the yron is hote, and Ile trust neuer a Duke of Buckingham, no neuer a Duke in the world, further then I see him. And sirrha, so follow me.

[*Exit RICHARD.*

Page. I see my Lord is fully resolved to climbe, but how hee climbs ile leaue that to your iudgements, but what his fall will be thats hard to say: But I maruell that the Duke of Buckingham and he are now become such great friends, who had wont to love one another so well as the spider doth the flie: but this I haue noted, since he hath had the charge of Protector, how many noble men hath fled the realme, first the Lord Marcus sonne to the Queene, the Earl of Westmorland and Northumberland, are secretly fled: how this geare will cotten I know not. But what do I medling

in such matters, that should medle with the vntying of my Lordes points, faith do euen as a great many do beside, medle with Princes matters so long, til they proue themselues beggars in the end. Therefore I for feare I should be taken napping with any words, Ile set a locke on my lips, for feare my tongue grow too wide for my mouth. [*Exit PAGE.*]

ACT II.

Enter the yongg PRINCE, his brother, DUKE OF YORKE, EARLE RIVERS, LORD GRAY, SIR HAPCE, SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

King. Right louing vnckles, and the rest of this company, my mother hath written, and thinks it conuenient that we dismisse our traine, for feare the towne of Northampton is not able to receiue vs: and againe my vnckle of Gloster may rather think we come of malice against him and his blood: therefore my Lords, let me here your opinions, for my words and her letters are all one: and besides I myselfe giue consent.

Riu. Then thus may it please your grace, I will shewe my opinion. First note the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke, the league of friendship is yet but greene betwixt them, and little cause of variance may cause it breake, and thereby I think it not requisite to discharge the company because of this. The Duke of Buckingham is up in the Marches of Wales with a great power, and with him is ioyned the Protector, for what cause I know not, therefore my Lords, I haue spoken my mind boldly, but do as your honours shall thinke good.

Vaugh. Why my Lord Riuers, wherefore is he Protector but for the Kings safetie?

Riu. I Sir Thomas Vaughan, and therefore a traitor, because he is Protector.

Gray. We haue the Prince in charge, therefore we neede not care.

Riu. We haue the Prince, but they the authoritie.

Gray. Why take you not the Duke of Buckingham for the Kings friend?

Riu. Yes, and yet we may misdoubt the Duke of Gloster as a foe.

Gray. Why then my Lord Riuers, I thinke it is conuenient that we leaue you here behind vs at Northampton, for conference with them, and if you heare their pretence be good towards the King, you may in Gods name make returne & come with them, but if not, leaue them and come to us with speed. For my sister the Queene hath willed that we should dismisse our companie, and the King himselte hath agreed to it, therefore we must needs obey.

Riu. If it please your grace I am content, and humbly take my leaue of you all. [Exit.

King. Farewell good vnckle, ah gods, if I do live my fathers yeares as God forbid but I may, I will so roote out this malice & enuie sowne among the nobilitie, that I will make them weary that were the first beginners of these mischiefes.

Gray. Worthily well spoken of your princely Maiestie, Which no doubt sheweth a king-like resolution.

Vaugh. A toward yoong Prince, and no doubt forward to all vertue, whose raigne God long prosper among vs.

King. But come vnckle, let vs forward of our iourny towards London.

Riu. We will attend vpon your Maiestie. [Exit omnes.

Enters an old Inne-keeper, and RICHARDS *Page.*

Page. Come on mine Oste, what doest thou vnderstand my tale or no?

Oste. I faith my guest you haue amazed mee alreadie, and to heare it again, it wil mad me altogether, but because I may think vpon it the better, I pray you let me heare it once more.

Page. Why then thus, I serue the right honourable the Lord Protector.

Oste. I, I know that too well.

Page. Then this is his graces pleasure, that this night they will be lodged in thy house, thy fare must be sumptuous, thy lodgings cleanly, his men vsed friendly and with great curtesie, and that he may haue his lodging prepared as neare Lord Riuers as possible may be.

Oste. Why sir if this be all, this is done alreadie.

Page. Nay more.

Oste. Nay sir, & you loue me no more, heres too much already.

Page. Nay, my Lords graces pleasure is further, that when all thy guests have tane their chambers, that thou conuey into my Lords hands the keyes of euery seuerall chamber, and what my Lords pleasure is further, thou shalt know in the morning.

Oste. How locke in my guests like prisoners, why doe you heare my guests? mee thinkes there should be little better then treason in these words you haue vttered.

Page. Treason villaine, how darest thou haue a thought of treason against my Lord, therefore you were best be briefe, and tell me whether you will do it or no?

Oste. Alasse what shall I do? who were I best to offend? shall I betrai that good olde Earle that hath laine at my house this fortie yeares? why and I doe hee will hang me: nay then on the other side, if I should not do as my Lord Protector commands, he will chop off my head, but is there no remedie?

Page. Come sir be briefe, there is no remedie, therefore be briefe, and tell me straight.

Oste. Why, then sir heres my hand, tell my Lord Protector he shall haue it, I will do as he commands mee, but euen against my will, God is my witnesse.

Page. Why then farewell mine Oste.

Oste. Farewell euen the woorst guest that ever came to my house. A maisters, maisters, what a troublesome vocation am I crept into, you thinke we that be In-keepers get all the world; but I thinke I shall get a faire halter to my necke, but I must go see all things done to my great grieve.
[Exit.]

Enters the mother QUEENE, and her daughter, and her sonne, to sanctuary.

Earle *Riuers* speakes out of his chamber.

Ho mine Oste, Chamberlaine wheres my key?

What pend vp like a prisoner? But staie, I feare I am betraid,

The sodain sight of Glosters Duke, doth make me sore afraid:

Ile speake to him, and gently him salute,

Tho in my heart I enuie much the man,

God morrow my Lord Protector to your grace,

And Duke of Buckingham God morrow too,
 Thanks noble Dukes for our good cheare, & for your
 company.

Here enters BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER, and their traine.

Rich. Thou wretched Earle, whose aged head imagins
 nought but treacherie,
 Like Iudas thou admitted wast to sup with vs last night
 But heauens preuented thee our ils, and left thee in this
 plight :
 Greeu'st thou that I the Gloster Duke, shuld as Protector
 sway ?
 And were you he was left behind, to make vs both away ?
 Wilt thou be ringleader to wrōng, & must you guide the
 realme ?
 Nay ouer boord al such mates I hurl, whilst I do guid the
 helm :
 Ile weed you out by one and one, Ile burne you vp like chaffe,
 Ile rend your stock vp by the rootes, that yet in triumphs
 laffe.

Riu. Alas good Dukes for ought I know, I neuer did
 offend,
 Except vnto my Prince vnloyall I have bene,
 Then show iust cause, why you exclaime so rashly in this
 sort,
 So falsely thus me to condemne, vpon some false report :
 But am I here as prisoner kept, imprisoned here by you ?
 Then know, I am as true to my Prince, as the proudest in
 thy crue.

Buc. A brauely spokē good old Earle, who tho his lims
 be num,
 He hath his tongue as much at vse, as tho his yeares were
 yong.

Rich. Speakest y^u the truth, how durst y^u speak, for
 iustice to apeale ?
 When as thy packing with thy Prince, thy falshood do
 reueale.

A Riuers blush, for shame to speake, like traitor as thou
 art.

Riu. A brayd you me as traitor to your grace :
 No altho a prisoner, I returne defiance in thy face.

The Chronicles I record, talk of my fidelitie, & of my
progeny,

Wher, as in a glas y^u maist behold, thy ancestors & their
trechery.

The wars in France, Irish conflicts, and Scotland knowes my
trust,

When thou hast kept thy skin vnsкарd, and let thine armor
rust :

How thou vniustly here exclaim'st,

Yea far from loue or kin,

Was this the oath which at our princes death,

With vs thou didst coimbine?

But time permits not now, to tell thee all my minde :

For well tis known that but for fear, you neuer wold haue
clind.

Let Commons now haue it in hand, the matter is begun,

Of whom I feare the lesser sort, vpon thy part will run.

My Lords, I cannot breath it out in words like to you : but
this,

My honor, I will set to sale, let any comman man come in,

And say Earl Riuers faith vnto his Prince did quaille,

Then will I lose my lands and life, but if none so can doo,

Then thou Protector iniur'st me, and thy copartner too :

But since as Iudges here you are, and taking no remorse,

Spare me not, let me haue law, in iustice do your worst.

Buc. My lord, lay down a cooling card, this game is gone
too far,

You haue him fast, now cut him off, for feare of ciuill war,

Iniurious Earle I hardly brooke, this portion thou hast
giuen,

Thus with my honor me to touch, but thy ruth shall begin.

Rich. But as thou art I leaue thee here,

Vnto the officers custody,

First bare him to Pomphret Castle,

Charge them to keep him secretly :

And as you heare from me so deale,

Let it be done immediatly :

Take from our Garrison one whole band,

To guard him thither safely.

Riu. And send'st thou me to common layle?

Nay then I know thy minde :

God bless these yong and tender babes.

That I do leaue behinde.

And God aboue protect them day and night,

Those are the marks thou aim'st at, to rid them from their
right.

Farewell sweet England and my country men,

Earle Riuers leades the way :

Yet would my life might rid you from this thrall,

But for my stock and kindred to the Queen, I greatly feare
thē all.

And thus disloyall Duke farewell, when cuer this is
knowne,

The shame and infamy thereof, be sure will be thine owne.

[*Exit.*]

Rich. So now my Lord of Buckingham, let us hoyst vp
saile while the winde serues, this hot beginning must haue
a quicke dispatch, therefore I charge and command straightly,
that euerie high way be laid close, that none may be suffered
to carrie this newes before we our selues come, for if word
come before vs, then is our pretence bewraid, and all we
haue done to no effect. If any aske the cause why they may
not passe, vse my authoritie, and if he resist shoote him
through. Now my Lord of Buckingham, let vs take post
horse to Stony Stratford, where happily ile say grace to the
Princes dinner, that I will make the deuoutest of them for-
get what meat they eate, and yet all for the best I hope.

[*Exit*]

*Enter the yong PRINCE, LORD GRAY, SIR THOMAS VAUGHON,
SIR RICHARD HAPC, and their traine.*

Hap. Lord Gray, you do discomfort the King by reason
of your heauinesse.

Gray. Alasse sir Richard, how can I be merry when we
haue so great a charge of his grace: and again this makes
me to greeue the more, because wee cannot heare from Earle
Riuers, which makes me think the Protector and he haue
bene at some words.

King. Why good vnkle comfort your selfe, no doubt my
vnkle Earle Riuers is well, & is comming no doubt with
my vnkle of Gloster to meete vs, else we should haue heard
to the contrarie. If any haue cause to feare, it is my selfe,
therefore good vnkle comfort your selfe and be not sad.

Gray. The sweete ioyce of such a grape would comfort a man where he halfe dead, and the sweete words of such a Prince would make men carlesse of mishaps, how dangerous soeuer.

Hap. Lord Gray, we heare now by all likelihoods the Protector not to be farre, therefore wee are to entertaine him and the Duke of Buckingham with curtesie, both for the Princes behalfe and for our owne.

Gray. Sir Richard Hape, I shall hardly shew the Protector or the Duke of Buckingham any mery countenance, considering how hardly I haue been vsed by them both, but yet for love to my prince I will bridle my affectiō, but in good time they come.

Enters RICHARD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and their traine.

Rich. Long liue my Princely Nephew in all happinesse.

King. Thankes vnckle of Gloster for your curtesie, yet you haue made hast, for we lookt not for you as yet.

Rich. Therein I shew my humble dutie to your grace, whose life I wish to redouble your deceased fathers dayes.

King. Thankes good vnckle.

Buc. Long liue my gratiuous Prince.

King. Thankes Buckingham, but vnckle you will beare vs company towards London?

Rich. For that cause we came.

Buc. Gentlemen on afore keep your roomes, how now Lord Gray doo you iustle in the presence of the King? This is more then needs.

Gray. My Lord, I scarce touched you, I hope it be no offence.

Rich. Sir no great offence, but inward enuy will burst out. No Lord Gray, you cannot hide your malice to vs of the Kings blood.

King. Why good vnckle let me know the cause of your suddaine quarrell?

Rich. Marry thus noble Nephew, the old wound of enuy, being rubbed by Lord Grayes venomous rashnesse, is growne to such a venomous sore that it is incurable, without remooue of dead flesh.

Buc. Lord Gray, I do so much dislike thy abuse, that were it not in presence of the Prince, I would bid thee

combate: but thus and it shal like your grace, I arest, & atache this Lord Gray, Sir Thomas Vaughon, and Richard Hapce, of high treason to your grace. And that Lord Gray hath conueyed money out of the Tower to relieue our enemies the Scots, and now by currying favor with your Maiestie, he thinkes it to be hid.

Rich. Only this I adde, you gouerne the Prince without my authoritie, allowing me no more then the bare name of Protector, which I wil haue in the despight of you, and therefore as your competitor Earle Riuers is alreadie imprisoned, so shall you be, till time affoord the law to take place.

Gray. But whereas we are atacht as traytors to his grace, and gouerne him without your authoritie, why we have authority from the mother Queene. And for the deliuey of the mony to the Scots, it was done by a generall consent of you all, and that I haue your hands to shew for my discharge, therefore your arest & attachment is not lawfull: & yet as lawfull as your quarrell is right.

Rich. Thy presumption condemnes thee Lord Gray, thy arest is lawfull. Therefore see them speedily and secretly imprisoned, and after the coronation they shall answer it by law, meane while, Officers looke to your charge.

King. A Gods, and is it iustice without my consent? Am I a King and beare no authoritie? My louing kindred committed to prison as traytors in my presence, and I stand to giue aime at them. A Edward, would thou laist by thy fathers side, or else he had liued till thou hadst bin better able to rule. If my neere kindred be committed to prison, what remaines for me, a crowne? A but how? so beset with sorrows, that the care & grief wil kil me ere I shall enioy my kingdome. Well since I cannot command, I wil intreat. Good vnkle of Gloster, for all I can say little, but for my vnkle Lord Gray, what need he be a theef or conuey money out of the Tower, when he hath sufficient of his own? But good vnkle let me baile them all: If not, I will baile my vnkle Lord Gray if I may.

Rich. Your grace vndertakes you know not what, the matters are perillous, especially against the Lord Gray.

King. What perillous matters, considering he is a friend to vs?

Rich. He may be a friend to win fauour, & so climbe to

promotion in respect of his equals. His equals, nay his betters.

King. I know my vnkle will conceale no treason, or dangerous secresie from vs.

Rich. Yes secrets that are too subtil for babes. Alasse my Lord you are a child, and they vse you as a child: but they consult and conclude of such matters, as were we not carefull, would proue preiudiciall to your Maiesties person. Therefore let not your grace feare any thing by our determination, for as my authoritie is onely vnder your grace, so shall my loyaltie deserue hereafter the iust recompence of a true subiect, therefore I hauing charge frō my brother your father, & our late deceased king, during the minoritie of your grace, I will vse my authoritie as I see good.

King. Ay me vnhappy king.

Gray. Nay let not your grace be dismayd for our imprisonment, but I would we could warrant your grace from harme, & so we humbly take our leaues of your grace, hoping that ere long we shall answer by law to the shame & disgrace of you all. [Exit.

Rich. Go, you shall answere it by law.

King. But come vnkle shal we to Lon. to our vntimely coronation?

Rich. What else and please your maiestie, where by the way I will appoint trustie Officers about you.

Buc. Sound Trumpet in this parley, God saue the King.

Rich. Richard.

ACT III.

Enter the mother QUEENE, and her yong sonne the

DUKE OF YORKE, and ELIZABETH.

Yorke. May it please your grace to shew to your children the cause of your heavines, that we knowing it, may be co-partners of your sorrowes.

Queen. Ay me poore husbandles queene, and you poore fatherlesse princes.

Eliz. Good mother expect the liuing, and forget the

dead. What tho our Father be dead, yet behold his children, the image of himselfe.

Queen. Ay poore Princes, my mourning is for you and for your brother, who is gone vp to an vntimely crowning.

Eliz. Why mother he is a Prince, and in handes of our two vnckles, Earle Riuers & Lord Gray, who wil no doubt be carefull of his estate.

Queen. I know they will, but kings haue mortall enemies, as well as friends that esteeme and regard them. A sweet children, when I am at rest my nightly dreames are dreadful. Me thinks as I lie in my bed, I see the league broken which was sworne at the deathe of your kingly father, tis this my children and many other causes of like importance, that makes your aged mother to lament as she doth.

Yorke. May it please your grace.

Queen. A my son, no more grace, for I am so sore disgraced, that without Gods grace, I fall into dispaire with myself, but who is this?

Enter a MESSENGER.

Yorke. What art thou that with thy gastly lookes preaseth into sanctuary, to affright our mother Queene.

Mess. A sweet Princes, doth my countenance bewray me? My newes is doubtfull and heauie.

Eliz. Then utter it to vs, that our mother may not heare it.

Queen. A yes my friend, speake what ere it be.

Mess. Then thus may it please your grace, The yong prince comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vnckles, Earle Riuers and Lord Gray, and the rest of your kindred, was by the Duke of Buckingham and the Protector, met at stonie Stratford, where on a suddaine grew malice betweene the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Gray, but in the end, the Duke of Buckinghams malice grew so great, that he arested and attached all those of your kindred of high treason, whereupon the Protector being too rash in iudgement, hath committed them all to Pomphret Castle.

Queen. Where I feare he will butcher them all, but where is the Prince my sonne?

Mess. He remains at London in the Bishops palace, in the hands of the Protector.

Queen. A traitors, will they laie hands on their Prince, and imprison his Peeres, which no doubt meanes well towards him: But tell me, art not thou seruant to the Arch-Bishop of Yorke?

Mess. Yes and it please your grace, for himselfe is here at hand with Letters from the Councell, and here he comes.

Enter CARDINALL.

Queen. But here my friend, grieve had almost made me forget thy reward. A come my Lord, thou bringest the heauie newes, come shoote thine arrow, and hit this heart that is almost dead with grieve alreadie.

Car. What ere my newes be, haue patience, the Duke of Gloster greets your grace.

Queen. Draw home my Lord, for now you hit the marke.

Car. The Prince your sonne doth greete your grace.

Queen. A happie gale that blew that arrow by, A let me see the Letter that he sent, perhaps it may prolong my life awhile.

Yorke. How doth my brother, is he in health my Lord?

Car. In health sweete Prince, but longes to haue thy companie.

Yorke. I am content, if my mother will let me go.

Car. Content or not, sweete Prince it must be so.

Queen. Hold, and haue they perswaded thee my sonne to haue thy brother too away from me, nay first I will know what shall become of thee, before I send my other sounne to them.

Car. Looke on this Letter and aduise yourselfe, for thus the Councell hath determined.

Queen. And haue they chosen thee among the rest, for to perswade me to this enterprize? No my Lord, and thus perswade your selfe, I will not send him to be butchered.

Car. Your grace misdoubts the worst, they send for him only to haue him bedfellow to the King, and there to staie & keep him company. And if your sonne miscary, then let his blood be laid vnto my charge: I know their drifts and what they do pretend, for they shall both this night sleepe in the Tower, and to morrow they shall both come

forth to his happie coronation. Vpon my honour this is the full effect, for see the ambusht nobles are at hand to take the Prince away from you by force, if you will not by faire meanes let him go.

Queen. Why my Lord will you breake Sanctuary, and bring in rebels to affright vs thus? No, you shall rather take away my life before you get my boy away from me.

Car. Why Madame haue you taken Sanctuary?

Queen. I my Lord, and high time too I trow.

Car. A heauie case when Princes flie for aide, where cut-throates, rebels, and bankerouts should be. But Madame what answere do you returne, if I could persuaue you, twere best to let him go.

Queen. But for I see you counsell for the best, I am content that you shall haue my son, in hope that you will send him safe to me, here I deliuer him into you hands. Farewell my boy, commend me to thy brother.

Forke. Mother farewell, and farewell sister too, I will but see my brother and returne to you.

Queen. Teares stops my speech. Come let vs in my Lord. [Exit.]

Car. I will attend vpon your grace. Hold take the Prince, the Queen & I haue done, Ile take my leaue, and after you ile come. [Exit CAR.]

Forke. How now my friend, shall I go to my brother?

Cat. What else sweete Prince, and for that cause wee are come to beare you company. [Exit omnes.]

Enter foure watchmen. Enter RICHARDS Page.

Page. Why thus by keeping company, am I become like vnto those with whom I keepe company. As my Lorde hopes to weare the Crown, so I hope by that meanes to haue preferment, but in steed of the Crowne, the blood of the headles light vpon his head: he hath made but a wrong match, for blood is a threatner and will haue reuenge. He makes hauocke of all to bring his purpose to passe: all those of the Queens kinred that were committed to Pomphret Castle. hee hath caused them to be secretly put to death without iudgemēt: the like was neuer seen in England. He spares none whom he but mistrusteth to be a hinderer to his proceedings, he is straight chopt vp in

prison. The valiant Earle of Oxford being but mistrusted, is kept close prisoner in Hames Castle. Againe, how well Doctor Shaw hath pleased my Lord, that preached at Paules Crosse yesterday, that proued the two Princes to be bastards, whereupon in the after noone came downe my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen to Baynards Castle, and offered my Lord the whole estate vpon him, and offered to make him King, which he refused so faintly, that if it had bene offered once more, I know he would haue taken it, the Duke of Buckingham is gone about it, and is now in the Guild Hall making his Oration. But here comes my Lord.

Enter RICHARD and CATESBY.

Rich. Catesby content thee, I haue warned the Lord Hastings to this Court, and since he is so hard to be wonne, tis better to cut him off then suffer him, he hath bene all this while partaker to our secrets, and if he should but by some mislike vtter it, then were we all cast away.

Cat. Nay my Lord do as you will, yet I haue spoken what I can in my friends cause.

Rich. Go to, no more ado Catesby, they say I haue bin a long sleeper to day, but ile be awake anon to some of their costs. But sirrha are those men in readinesse that I appointed you to get?

Page. I my Lord, & giue diligent attendance vpon your grace.

Rich. Go to, looke to it then Catesby, get thee thy weapons readie, for I will enter the Court.

Cat. I will my Lord.

[Exit.]

Page. Doth my Lord say he hath bene a long sleeper to day? There are those of the Court that are of another opinion, that thinks his grace lieth neuer lōg inough a bed. Now there is court held to day by diuerse of the Councell, which I feare me wil cost the Lord Hastings and the Lord Standley their best cappes: for my Lord hath willed mee to get halfe a dozen ruffians in readinesse, and when he knocks with his fist vpon the boord, they to rush in, and to crie, treason, treason, and to laie hands vpon the Lord Hastings, and the Lord Stannley, which for feare I should let slip, I will giue my diligent attendance.

Enter RICHARD, CATESBY, and others, pulling LORD
HASTINGS.

Rich. Come bring him away, let this suffice, thou and that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene hath bewitched me, with assistance of that famous strumpet of my brothers, Shores wife: my withered arme is a sufficient testimony, deny it if thou canst: laie not Shores wife with thee last night?

Hast. That she was in my house my Lord I cannot deny, but not for any such matter. If——

Rich. If, villain, feedest thou me with Ifs & ands, go fetch me a Priest, make a short shrift, and dispatch him quickly. For by the blessed Saint Paule I sweare, I will not dine till I see the traytors head, away Sir Thomas, suffer him not to speak, see him executed straight & let his copartner the Lord Standly be carried to prison also, tis not his broke head I haue giuen him, shall excues him.

[*Exit with* HASTINGS.

Catesbie goe you and see it presently proclaimed throughout the Citie of London by a Herald of Armes, that the cause of his death and the rest, were for conspiring by Witchcraft the death of me and the Duke of Buckingham, that so they might gouern the King and rule the realme, I thinke the proclamation be almost done.

Cat. I my good Lord, and finished too.

Rich. Well then about it. But hearst thou Catesbie, meane while I will listen after successe of the Duke of Buckingham, who is labouring all this while with the Citizens of London to make me King, which I hope will be shortly, for thou seest our foes now are fewer, and we neerer the mark then before, and when I haue it, looke thou for the place of thy friend the Lord Hastings, meane while about thy businesse.

Cat. I thanke your grace.

[*Exit* CATESBIE.

Rich. Now sirrha to thee, there is one thing more vndone, which grieues me more then all the rest, and to say the truth, it is of more importance then all the rest.

Page. Ah that my Lord would vtter it to his Page, then should I count my selfe a happie man, if I could ease my Lord of that great doubt.

Rich. I commend thy willingnesse, but it is too mightie, and reacheth the starres.

Page. The more waightie it is, the sooner shall I by doing it increase your honours good liking toward me.

Rich. Be assured of that, but the matter is of waight & great importance, and doth concerne the state.

Page. Why my Lord, I will choake them with gifts that shall performe it, therefore good my Lord, trust me in this cause.

Rich. Indeed thy trust I know to be so true, that I care not to vtter it vnto thee. Come hither, & yet the matter is too waightie for so meane a man.

Page. Yet good my Lord, vtter it.

Rich. Why thus it is, I would haue my two Nephewes the yong Prince and his brother secretly murdered, Sownes villaine tis out, wilt thou do it? or wilt thou betray me?

Page. My Lord you shall see my forwardnesse herein, I am acquainted with one Iames Terrell, that lodgeth hard by your honors chamber, with him my Lord will I so worke, that soone at night you shall speake with him.

Rich. Of what reputation or calling is that Terrell, may we trust him with that which once knowne, were the vtter confusion of me and my friends for ever?

Page. For his trust my Lord, I dare be bounde, onely this, a poore gentleman he is, hoping for preferment by your grace and vpon my credit my Lord, he will see it done.

Rich. Well in this be verie circumspect and sure with thy diligence, be liberall, and looke for a day to make thee blesse thy self, wherein thou seruedst so good a Lord. And now that Shores wifes goods be confiscate, goe from me to the Bishop of London, and see that she receiue her open penance, let her be turned out of prison, but so bare as a wretch that worthily hath deserued that plague: and let there be straight proclamation made by my Lord the Mayor, that none shall releuee her nor pittie her, and priue spies set in euerie corner of the Citie, that they may take notice of them that releuees her: for as her beginning was most famous aboue all, so will I haue her end most infamous aboue all. Haue care now my boy, and win thy maisters heart for euer.

Enter SHORES wife.

Shor. Ah unfortunate Shores wife, dishonour to the King, a shame to thy countrey, and the onely blot of defame to all thy kindred. Ay why was I made faire that a King should fauour me? But my friends should haue preferd discipline before affection: for they know of my folly, yea my owne husband knew of my breach of disloyaltie, and yet suffered me, by reason hee knew it bootlesse to kicke against the pricke. A sweet King Edward, little didst thou thinke Shores wife should haue bene so hardly vsed, thy vnnaturall brother not content with my goods which are yet confiscate in his custodie, but yet more to adde to my present miserie, hath proclaimed vpon great penaltie, that none whatsoeuer shall either aide or succour me, but here being comfortlesse to die in the streets with hunger. I am constrained to beg, but I feare tis in vaine, for none will pittie me. Yet here come one to whom I have done good, in restoring his lands that were lost, now will I trie him to see if he will giue mee any thing.

Enters LODOWICKE.

Lod. A time how thou suffrest fortune to alter estates, & changest the mindes of the good for the worst. How many headlesse Peeres sleepe in their graues, whose places are furnisht with their inferiours? Such as are neither nobly borne, nor vertuously minded. My heart hardly bewailes the losse of the yoong King, by the outrage of the Protector, who hath proclaimed himselfe King, by the name of Richard the third. The Commons murmure at it greatly, that the yoong King and his brother should be imprisoned, but to what end tis hard to say, but many thinks they shall neuer come forth againe. But God do all for the best, and that the right heires may not be vtterly ouerthrowne.

Shor. A gods what a grieve is it for me to aske, where I haue giuen.

Lod. A my good Lord Hastings, how innocently thou diedst the heauens beare witnesse.

Shor. Good sir, take pittie vppon mee, and relecue mee.

Lod. Indeed tis pittie to see so faire a face to aske for almes,

But tell me, has thou no friends?

Shor. Yes sir I had many friends, but when my chieffest friend of all died, the rest then forsooke me.

Lod. Belike then thy fact was notorious. that thy friends leauing thee would let thee go as a spoyle for villaines. But heerst thou I prethie tell me the truth, and as I am a gentleman, I will pittie thee.

Shor. A Lodowick, tell thee the truth, why halfe this intreatie serued thee, when thy lands had bene cleane gone had it not bene for Shores wife, and doest thou make me so long to begge for a litle.

Lod. Indeed my lands I had restored me by mistresse Shore, but may this be she?

Shor. I Lodowicke. I am she that begged thy lands of King Edward the fourth, therefore I pray thee bestow something on me.

Lod. A gods what is this world, and how vncertaine are riches? Is this she that was in such credit with the King? Nay more that could command a King indeed? I cannot deny but my lands she restored me, but shall I by releeuing of her hurt myselfe, no: for straight proclamation is made that none shall succour her, therefore for feare I should be seene talke with her, I will shun her company and get me to my chamber, and there set downe in heroicall verse, the shamefull end of a Kings Concubin, which is no doubt as wonderfull as the desolation of a kingdome.

[*Exit.*]

Shor. A Lodowick if thou wilt giue me nothing, yet staie and talke with me. A no he shuns my company, all my friends now forsake mee: In prosperitie I had many, but in aduersitie none. A gods haue I this for my good I haue done, for when I was in my cheefest pomp, I thought that day wel spent wherein I might pleasure my friend by sutes to the King, for if I had spoken, he would not have said nay. For tho he was King, yet Shores wife swayd the sword. I where neede was, there was I bountifull, and mindfull I was still vpon the poore to releue them, and now none will know me nor succour me: therefore here shall I die for want of sustenance. Yet here comes another whom I haue done good vnto in sauing the life of

his sonne, wel I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing.

Enter a CITIZEN and another.

Cit. No men no lawes, no Prince no orders, alls husht neighbour now hees king, but before he was king how was the tems thwackt with ruffians? what fraies had we in the streets? Now he hath proclaimed peace betweene Scotland and England for sixe yeares, to what end I know not, vsurpers had need to be wise.

Shor. A good sir releue me, and bestow something vpon me.

Cit. A neighbour, hedges haue eyes, and highwayes haue eares, but who ist a beggar-woman? the streets are full of them, Ifaith. But heeres thou, hast thou no friendes that thou goest a begging so?

Shor. Yes sir I had friendes, but they are all dead as you are.

Cit. Why am I dead neighbour? why thou arrant queane what meanst thou by that?

Shor. I meane they are dead in charitie. But I pray sir, had not you the life of your sonne saued in the time of king Edward the fourth by one Shores wife?

Cit. Yes marry had I, but art thou a sprig of the same bough? I promise you neighbor I thoght so, that so idle a huswife could not be without the acquaintance of so noble a strumpet: well for her sake ile giue thee somewhat.

Shor. Nay then know, that I am shee that saued the life of thy condemned sonne.

Cit. Who art thou Shores wife? Lye still purse, neighbour I would not for twentie pounds haue giuen her one farthing, the proclamation is so hard by king Richard. Why minion are you she that was the dishonour to the King? the shame to her husband, the discredit to the Citie? Heare you, laie your fingers to worke, and get thereby somewhat to maintaine you. O neighbour I grow verie choloricke, and thou didst saue the life of my sonne, why if thou hadst not, another would: and for my part, I would he had bene hangd seuen yeeres ago, it had saued me a great deale of mony then. But come let vs go in, & let the quean alone.

[Exeunt.]

Shor. Alasse thus am I become an open shame to the

world, here shall I die in the streets for want of sustenance, alassee is my fact so heinous that none will pitie me? Yet heere comes another to whom I haue done good, who is least able to pleasure me, yet I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing.

Enter MORTON a Seruing man.

Mor. Now sir, who but king Richard beares sway, and hath proclaimed Iohn Earle of Lincolne, heire aparant to the Crown, the yoong Princes they are in the Tower, nay some saies more, they are murthered. But this makes me to muse, the Duke of Buckingham and the King is at such variance, that did all in all to helpe him to the Crowne, but the Duke of Buckingham is rid downe to Breaknock-Castle in Wales, and there he meanes to raise vp a power to pull down the vsurper: but let them agree as they will, for the next faire winde ile ouer seas.

Shor. A Shores Wife, so neere driuen, to beg of a seruing man, I, necessitie hath no law, I must needs. Good sir releuee me, and giue me something.

Ser. Why what art thou?

Shor. In brieue Morton, I am Shores wife, that haue done good to all.

Ser. A foole, and euer thy owne enemy. In troth mistresse Shore, my store is but small, yet as it is, weeke part stakes, but soft I cannot do what I would, I am watcht.

Enters PAGE.

Shor. Good Morton releuee me.

Ser. What should I releuee my Kings enemy?

Shor. Why thou promist thou wouldst.

Ser. I tell thee I wil not, & so be answered. Sownes I would with all my heart, but for yonder villaine, a plague on him. *[Exit.]*

Page. An honest fellow I warrant him. How now Shores wife will none releuee thee?

Shor. No one will releuee her, that hath bene good to all.

Page. Why twere pitie to do thee good, but me thinkes she is fulsome and stinkes.

Shor. If I be fulsome shun my company, for none but thy Lord sought my miserie, and he hath vndone me.

Page. Why hath he vndone thee? nay thy wicked and naughtie life hath vndone thee, but if thou wantest maintenance, why doest thou not fall to thy old trade againe?

Shor. Nay villaine, I haue done open penance, and am sorie for my sinnes that are past.

Page. Sownes is Shores wife become an holie whoore, nay then we shall neuer haue done.

Shor. Why hang thee, if thy faults were so written in thy forehead as mine is, it would be as wrong with thee. But I prethie leaue me, and get thee from me.

Page. And cannot you keepe the Citie but you must runne gadding to the Court, and you staie here a litle longer, ile make you be set away, and for my part, would all whoores were so serued, then there would be fewer in England then there be. And so farewell good mistresse Shore. [Exit.]

Shor. And all such vsurping kings as thy Lord is, may come to a shamefull end, which no doubt I may liue yet to see. Therefore sweet God forgiue all my foule offence:

And though I haue done wickedly in this world,
Into hell fire, let not my soule be hurld. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

Enter MAISTER TERRILL, and SIR ROBERT BROKENBERY.

Bro. Maister Terrell, the King hath written, that for one night I should deliuer you the keyes, and put you in full possession. But good M. Terrell, may I be so bold to demand a question without offence?

Ter. Else God forbid, say on what ere it be.

Bro. Then this maister Terrell, for your comming I partly know the cause, for the king oftentimes hath sent to me to haue them both dispatcht, but because I was a seruant to their father King Edward the fourth, my heart would neuer giue me to do the deed.

Ter. Why sir Robert you are beside the matter, what

neede you vse such speeches what matters are betweene the King and me, I pray you leaue it, and deliuer me the keyes.

Bro. A here with teares I deliuer you the keyes, and so farwell maister Terrell. *[Exit.]*

Ter. Alasse good sir Robert, hee is kind hearted, but it must not preuaile, what I haue promised the King I must performe. But ho Myles Forest.

For. Here sir.

Ter. Myles Forest, haue you got those men I spake of, they must be resolute and pittillesse.

For. I warrant you sir, they are such pittillesse villaines, that all London cannot match them for their villanie. one of their names is Will Sluter, yet the most part calles him blacke Will, the other is Iack Denten, two murtherous villaines that are resolute.

Ter. I prethie call them in that I may see them, and speake with them.

For. Ho Will and Iack.

Will. Here sir, we are at hand.

For. These be they that I told you of.

Ter. Come hither sirs, to make a long discourse were but a folly, you seeme to be resolute in this cause that Myles Forest hath deliuered to you, therefore you must cast away pitie, & not so much as thinke upon fauour, for the more stearne that you are, the more shall you please the King.

Will. Zownes sir, nere talke to vs of fauour, tis not the first that Iack and I haue gone about.

Ter. Well said, but the Kings pleasure is this, that he wil haue no blood shead in the deed doing, therefore let me heare your aduises?

For. Why then I thinke this maister Terrell, that as they sit at supper there should be two dags readie charged, and so suddainly to shoote them through.

Ter. No, I like not that so well, what saiest thou Will, what is thy opinion?

Will. Tush, heeres more adoo then needes, I pray bring mee where they are, and ile take them by the heeles and beate their braines against the walles.

Ter. Nay that I like not, for tis too tyrannous.

Dout. Then heare me maister Terrell, let Will take one, and ile take another, and by the life of Iack Douton weele cut both their throates.

Ter. Nay sirs, then heare me, I will haue it done in this order, when they be both a bed at rest, Myles Forest thou shalt bring them vp both, and betweene two feather beds smother them both.

For. Why this is verie good, but stand aside, for here comes the Princes, ile bring you word when the deed is done. [Exit TERRILL.]

Enter the PRINCES.

Yorke. How fares my noble Lord and louing brother?

King. A worthie brother, Richard Duke of Yorke, my cause of sorrow is not for my selfe; but this is it that addes my sorrow more, to see our vnckle whom our father left as our Protector in minoritie, should so digresse from dutie, loue and zeale, so vnkindly thus to keepe vs vp prisoners, and know no sufficient cause for it.

Yorke. Why brother comfort your selfe, for tho he detain vs a while, he will not keepe vs long, but at last he will send vs to our louing mother againe: whither if it please God to send vs, I doubt not but that our mother would keepe vs so safe, that all the Prelates in the worlde should not depriue her of vs againe: so much I assure myselfe of. But here comes Myles Forest, I prethy Myles tell my kingly brother some mery storie to passe away the time, for thou seest he is melancholy.

King. No Myles, tell me no mery storie, but answere me to one question, what was he that walked with thee in the Gardeine, me thought he had the keyes?

For. My Lord, it was one that was appointed by the King to be an ayde to sir Thomas Brokenbury.

King. Did the King, why Myles Forest, am not I King?

For. I would have said my Lord your vnckle the Protector.

King. Nay my kingly vnckle I know he is now, but let him enioye both Crowne and kingdome, so my brother and I may but enioy our liues and libertie. But tell me, is sir Robert Brokenbury cleane discharged?

For. No my Lord, he hath but charge for a night or two.

King. Nay then, new officers, new lawes, would we had kept the old still. But who are they whose gastly lookes doth present a dying feare to my liuing bodie. I prethee tell me Myles what are they?

For. One my Lord is called Iack Denten, the other is called Will Slawter. But why starts your grace?

King. Slawter, I pray God he come not to slaughter my brother and me, for from murther and slaughter, good Lord deliver vs. But tell me Myles is our lodging prepared?

For. I my Lord, if it please your brother & you to walke vp.

King. Then come brother, we will go to bed.

For. I will attend vpon your grace.

Yorke. Come Myles Forest beare vs company.

For. Sirs staie you two here, and when they are a sleepe ile call you vp. [Exit.]

Den. I promise thee Will, it greues mee to see what mone these yoong Princes make, I had rather then fortie pounds I had nere tane it in hand, tis a dangerous matter to kill innocent princes, I like it not.

Will. Why you base slaue, are you faint hearted, a little thing would make me strike thee, I promise thee.

Den. Nay go forward, for now I am resolute: but come, lets too it.

Will. I prethee staie, heele call vs vp anon. But sirrha Iacke, didst thou mark how the King started when he heard my name? What will he do when he feeles me?

For. But ho sirs, come softly, for now they are at rest.

Will. Come we are readie, by the masse they are a sleepe indeed.

For. I heare they sleepe, and sleepe sweet Princes, neuer wake no more, for you haue seene the last light in this world.

Iack. Come presse them downe, it bootes not to cry againe, Iack vpon them so lustily. But maister Forest now they are dead what shall we do with them?

For. Why goe and bury them at the heape of stones at the staire foote, while I goe and tell maister Terrell that the deed is done.

Will. Well we will, farewell maister Forest.

Enter TERRELL.

Ter. How now Myles Forest, is this deed dispatcht?

For. I sir, a bloodie deed we haue performed.

Ter. But tell me, what hast thou done with them?

For. I haue conueyed them to the staires foote among a

heape of stones, and anon ile carry them where they shall be no more founde againe, nor all the cronicles shall nere make mentiō what shall become of them: yet good maister Terrell, tell the King my name, that he may but reward me with a kingly thanks.

Ter. I will go certifie the King with speed, that Myles Forest, Will Slawter, and Iack Denten, they three haue done the deed. And so farewell. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM with his dagger drawne.

Ban. Ah good my Lord, saue my life.

Buc. Ah villaine, how canst thou aske for mercie, when thou hast so vniustly betrayed me?

Ban. I desire your grace but giue me leave to speake.

Buc. I speake thy last villain, that those that heare it, may see how vniustly thou hast betrayed me.

Ban. Then thus my Lord. First, the proclamation was death to him that harboured your grace.

Buc. Ah villaine, and a thousand crownes to him that could betraie me.

Ban. Ah my Lord, my obeysance to my Prince is more.

Buc. Ah villain, thou betrayedst me for lucre, and not for dutie to thy Prince, why Banister, a good seruant thinkes his life well spent, that spends it in the quarrel of his maister. But villain make thyselfe readie, and here receiue thy death.

Enter a HERALD.

Her. Henry Duke of Buckingham, I arest thee in King Richards name as a traytor.

Buc. Well Herald, I will obey thy rest. But am I arrested in King Richardes name, vsurping Richard, that insatiate blood sucker, that traitor to God & man. Ah Richard, did I in Guild Hall pleade the Orator for thee, and held thee in all thy slie and wicked practices, and for my reward doest thou alot me death? Ah Buckingham, thou plaidst thy part and made him King, and put the lawfull heires besides: why then is Buckingham guiltie now of his death? yet had not the Bishop of Ely fled, I had escaped.

Enters six others to rescue the DUKE.

All. Come, the Duke of Buckingham shall not die: We will take him away by force.

Her. Why villaines, will you bee Traytours to your Prince?

Buc. Nay good my friends giue me leaue to speake, and let me intreate you to laie your weapons by. Then know this countrey men, the cause I am arested, this is for bringing in your lawfull King, which is Henry Earle of Richmond now in Brittain, and meanes ere long to land at Milford Hauen in Wales, where I doo know hee shall haue ayde of the cheefest of the Welch, hee is your lawfull King, and this a wrongful vsurper. When you shall heare of him landed in that place, then take vp weapons and amaine to him, hee is the man must reauue you of this yoake, and send the vsurper headlesse to his home, and poore Buckingham praies upon his knees, to blesse good Richmond in his enterprise, and when the conquest shall be giuen to him, graunt he may match with Ladie Elizabeth, as promise hath to fore by him bene past, while then my friendes, leaue mee alone to death, and let me take this punishment in peace. Ah Buckingham was not thy meaning good in displacing the usurper, to raise a lawfull king? Ah Buckingham it was too late, the lawfull heires were smothered in the Tower, sweet Edward and thy brother, I nere slept quiet thinking of their deaths. But vaunt Buckingham, thou wast altogether innocent of their deaths. But thou villain, whom of a child I nurst thee vp, and hast so vniustly betraid thy Lorde? Let the curse of Buckingham nere depart from thee. Let vengeance, mischiefs, tortures, light on thee and thine. And after death thou maist more torture feele, then when Exeon turnes the restlesse wheele. And banne thy soule were ere thou seeme to rest. But come my friends, let me away.

Her. My Lord, we are sorie. But come laie handes on Banister. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter KING RICHARD, SIR WILLIAM CATESBIE, and others.

King. The goale is got, and golden Crowne is wonne,
And well deseruest thou to weare the same,

That ventured hast thy bodie and thy soule,
 But what bootes Richard, now the Diademe
 Or kingdome got, by murder of his friends,
 My fearefull shadow that still followes me,
 Hath summond me before the seuere iudge,
 My conscience witnesse of the blood I spilt,
 Accuseth me as guiltie of the fact,
 The fact a damned iudgement craues,
 Whereas impartiall iustice hath condemned.
 Meethinkes the Crowne which I before did weare,
 Inchast with Pearle and costly Diamonds,
 Is turned now into a fatall wreathe,
 Of fiery flames, and euer burning starres,
 And raging fiends hath past ther vgly shapes,
 In Stygian lakes, adrest to tend on me,
 If it be thus, what wilt thou do in this extremitie?
 Nay what canst thou do to purge thee of thy guilt?
 Euen repent, craue mercie for thy damned fact,
 Appeale for mercy to thy righteous God,
 Ha repent, not I, craue mercy they that list.
 My God, is none of mine. Then Richard be thus resolu'd,
 To place thy soule in ballance with their blood,
 Soule for soule, and bodie for bodie, yea mary Richard,
 That's good, Catesbie.

Cat. You cald my Lorde, I thinke?

King. It may be so. But what thinkst thou Catesbie?

Cat. Of what my Lord?

King. Why of all these troubles.

Cat. Why my Lord, I hope to see them happily ouercom'd.

King. How villain, doest thou hope to see me happily ouercom'd?

Cat. Who you my Lord?

King. Ay villaine, thou points at me, thou hopest to see me ouercom'd.

Cat. No my good Lord, your enemies or else not.

King. Ha, ha, good Catesbie, but what hearest thou of the Duke of Buckingham?

Cat. Why he is dead my Lord, he was executed at Salisbury yesterday.

King. Why tis impossible, his friends hopes that he shall outliue me, to be my head.

Cat. Out-lieue you, Lord.thats straunge.

King. No Catesbie, if a do, it must be in fames,
And since they hope he shall out lieue me, to be my head,
He hops without his head, & rests among his fellow rebels.

Cat. Mary no force my Lord.

King. But Catesbie, what hearest thou of Henry Earle
of Richmond?

Cat. Not a word my Lord.

King. No: hearest thou not he liues in Brittainne,
In fauour with the Duke.

Nay more, Lady Margaret his mother conspires against vs,
And perswades him that hee is lineally descended from
Henry

The fourth, and that he hath right to the Crowne,
Therefore tell me what thinkst thou of the Earle?

Cat. My Lord, I thinke of the Earle as he doth deserue,
A most famous gentleman.

King. Villaine doest thou praise my foe, and commend
him to my face?

Cat. Nay my Lord, I wish he were as good a friend as
he is a foe, else the due deserts of a traytor.

King. Whats that?

Cat. Why my Lord, to loose his head.

King. Yea mary, I would twere off quickly, then.
But more to the strengthening of his title,
She goes about to marry him to the Queenes eldest
daughter,
Ladie Elizabeth.

Cat. Indeed my Lord that I heard was concluded,
By all the nobilitie of Brittainne.

King. Why then there it goes,
The great diuell of hell go with all.
A marriage begun in mischiefe, shall end in blood:
I thinke that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene,
Doth nothing but bewitch me, and hatcheth conspiracies.
And brings out perillous birds to wound
Their Countries weale,
The Earle is vp in Armes,
And with him many of the Nobilitie,
He hath ayde in France,
He is rescued in Brittainne,
And meaneth shortly to arriue in England:

But all this spites me not so much,
As his escape from Landoyse the Dukes Treasurer,
Who if he had bene prickt foorth for reuenge,
He had ended all by apprehending of our foe,
But now he is in disgrace with the Duke,
And we farther off our purpose then to fore,
But the Earle hath not so many byting dogs abroad,
As we haue sleeping cures at home here,
Readie for rescue.

Cat. But my Lord, I maruell how he should get aide
there,
Considering he is no friend to Brittain.

King. Ay so thou maist maruell how the Duke of
Brittaine,
Durst wake such a foe as England against him,
But euill fare makes open warre.
But who comes there Catsbie?
Ha one of our spurres to reuenge:
The Lord Standley, father in law to Ladie Margaret,
His comming is to vs Catsbie,
Wert not that his life might serue,
For apprehension against our foe,
He should haue neither Iudge nor Iury,
But guiltie death without any more ado.
Now Lord Standley, what newes?
Haue you receiued any letters of your late embassage into
Brittaine? What answere have you receiued of your
letters?

Enter LORD STANDLEY, and his sonne GEORGE.

Stan. Why my Lord, for that I sent, I haue receiued.

King. And how doth your sonne then, is he in health?

Stan. For his health my Lord, I do not mistrust.

King. Faith tell vs, when meanes he to arriue in Eng-
land?

And how many of our Nobilitie is with him?
And what power is with him?

Stan. And please your grace,
His power is unknowne to me,
Nor willingly would not I be priuy to such causes.

King. Oh good wordes Lord Standley, but giue me leaue

to gleane out of your golden field of eloquence, how braue you pleade ignorance, as though you knew not of your sonnes departure into Brittainie out of England.

Stan. Not I my Lord.

King. Why is not his mother thy wife, & dares he passe ouer without the blessing of his mother, whose husband thou art?

Stan. I desire your maiestie but giue me leaue to speake?

King. Yea speak Standley, no doubt some fine coloured tale.

Stan. And like your grace, wheras you mistrust that I knew of my sonnes departure, out of England into Brittainie, God I take to record it was vnknowne to me, nor know not yet what his pretence is: for at his departure, was I one of the priuy counsell to your brother King Edward the fourth, and that she was able to relieue him without my helpe: I hope her sufficiencie is knowne to your grace. Therefore I humbly craue pardon.

King. Well Standley, I feare it will be proued to the contrarie, that thou didst furnish him both with mony and munition, which if it be, then looke for no fauour at my hands, but the due deserts of a traitor: but let this passe. Whats your reaire to our presence?

Stan. Only this my Lord, that I may reaire from the court, to my house in the country.

King. Ay sir, that you might be in Cheshire and Lancashire, then should your Postes passe inuisible into Brittainie, and you to depart the realme at your pleasure, or else I to suffer an intollerable foe vnder me, which I will not. But Standley to be brief, thou shalt not go. But soft Richard, but that it were better to be alone than to haue noysome company, hee shall goe, leauing for his loyaltie a sufficient pledge. Come hither Standley, thou shalt goe, leauing me here thy sonne and heire George Standley for a pledge, that hee may perish for thy fault if neede should be; if thou likest this, goe, if not, answere me briefly, and say quickly no.

Stan. I am to aduise my selfe vppon a secret cause, and of a matter that concernes me neare: say that I leaue my sonne vnto the King, and that I should but aide Earle Richmond, my sonne George Standley dies, but if my faith

be kept unto my Prince George Standley liues. Well I will accept the King's proffer.

And please your grace I am content, and will leaue my sonne to pledge.

King. Here come hither, and with thee take this lesson.

Thou art set free for our defence,

Thou shalt vpon thy pledge make this promise,

Not only to staie the hinderance of the Earle,

But to preuent his purpose with thy power.

Thou shalt not seeke by any meanes to aide or rescue him.

This done, of my life thy sonne doth liue :

But otherwise thy sonne dies and thou too, if I catch thee :

And it shall go hard but I will catch thee.

Stan. And you shall go apace, and yet go without me.

But I humbly take my leaue of your grace. Farewell George.

King. How now, what do you giue him letters ?

Stan. No my Lord I haue done :

The second sight is sweet, of such a sonne.

[*Exit.*

King. Carry George Standley to prison.

Geo. Alasse my Lord, shall I go to prison ?

King. Shall you go to prison, what a questions that ?

So pricke the lambe, and wound the damme.

How likest thou this Catesbie ?

Cat. Oh my Lord so excellent that you haue imprisoned his sonne.

King. Nay now will we looke to the rest,

But I sent the Lord Louell to the mother Queene,

Concerning my sute to her daughter Elizabeth,

But see in good time here he is.

How now Louell, what newes ?

What saith the mother Queene to my sute ?

Enters LOUELL.

Lou. My Lord very strange she was at the first,

But when I had told her the cause, she gaue consent :

Desiring your maiestie to make the nobilitie priuie to it.

King. God haue mercy Louell, but what saith Lady Elizabeth ?

Loue. Why my Lord, straunge, as women will be at the first, But through intreatie of her mother, she quicklie gaue consent. And the Queene wild me to tel your grace, that

the meanes to leaue Sanctuary, and to come to the court with al her daughters.

King. I marry Louell let not that opportunitie slippe, looke to it Catesbie, be carefull for it Louell, for thereby hangs such a chance, that may inrich vs and our heires for euer. But sirs hard ye nothing of the Scottish Nobles that met at Nottingham, to conferre about the marriage of my Neece.

Cat. Not a word my Lord.

Enters MESSENGER.

King. Gogs wounds who is that? search the villaine, has he any daga about him?

Mess. No my Lord I haue none.

King. From whence comes thou?

Mess. From the Peeres at Nottingham and Scotland, & they greete your Maiestie.

Lou. Sirrha is the marriage concluded betweene the Scottish Earle and the faire Lady Rosa?

Cat. Prethie tell vs, is it concluded?

Page. How saies thou, is it concluded?

King. Nay will you giue me leaue to tell you that? Why you villaines will you know the secrets of my letter by interrupting messengers that are sent to me? Away I say, begone, it is time to looke about: away I say, what here yet villaines?

Mess. My Lord, I haue some what to say besides?

King. Then speake it, what hast thou to say?

Mess. This my Lord, when the Peeres of England and Scotland met at Nottingham together, to confer about the marriage of your Neese, it was straight determined that she shuld be married with the Scottish Earle. And further my Lord, the Councel commanded me to deliuer vnto your grace the treasons of Captain Blunt, who had the Earle of Oxford in charge in Hames castle, now are they both fled, and purposeth to ayde the Earle of Richmond against your grace. Now my Lord I take my leaue.

King. Messenger staie, hath Blunt betraied, doth Oxford rebell and aide the Earle Richmond, may this be true, what is our prison so weake, our friends so fickle, our Ports so ill lookt to, that they may passe and repasse the seas at

their pleasures, then euerie one conspires, spoyles our Conflex,
conqueres our Castles, and Armes themselues with their owne
weapons vnresisted? O villaines, rebels, fugctives, theeues,
how are we betrayd, when our owne swoordes shall beate vs,
and our owne subiects seekes the subuersion of the state,
the fall of their Prince, and sack of their country, of his,
may neither must nor shall, for I will Army with my friends,
and cut off my enemies, & beard them to their face that
dares me, and but one, I one, beyond the seas that troubles
me: wel his power is weake, & we are strong, therefore I
wil meet him with such melodie, that the singing of a bullet
shal send him merily to his longest home. Come follow me.

Enter EARLE RICH., EARLE OXFORD, P. LANDOYS, &
CAPTAIN BLUNT.

Rich. Welcome deare friends and louing countrymen,
Welcome I say to Englands blisfull Ile,
Whose forwardnesse I cannot but commend,
That thus do aide vs in our enterprise,
My right it is, and sole inheritance,
And Richard but vsurps in my authoritie,
For in his tyrannie he slaughtered those
That would not succour him in his attempts,
Whose guiltlesse blood craues daily at Gods hands,
Reuenge for outrage done to their harmless liues:
Then courage countrymen, and neuer be dismay'd,
Our quarels good, and God will helpe the right,
For we may know by dangers we haue past,
That God no doubt will giue vs victorie.

Ox. If loue of gold, or feare of many foes,
Could once haue danted vs in our attempts,
Thy foote had neuer toucht the English shoare,
And here Earle Oxford plites his faith to thee,
Neuer to leaue in what we haue vndertane,
But follow still with resolution,
Till thou be crownd as conquerer in the field,
Or lose thy life in following of thy right:
Thy right braue Richmond, which we wil maintaine
Maugre the proudest bird of Richards brood.
Then cousin Richmond being resolu'd thus,
Let vs straight to Arms, & God and S. George for vs.

Blunt. As this braue Earle haue said, so say we all,
We will not leaue thee till the field be wonne,
Which if with fortunate successe we can performe,
Thinke then Earle Richmond that I followed thee,
And that shall be honour inough for mee.

Lan. So saith Landoyse that honors Richmond so
With loue vnfeined for his valure past,
That if your honour leade the way to death,
Peeter Landoyse hath sworne to follow thee.
For if Queen mother do but keepe her word,
And what the Peeres haue promised be performed,
Touching the marriage with Elizabeth,
Daughter to our King Edward the fourth,
And by this marriage ioyne in vnitie
Those famous Houses Lancashire and Yorke,
Then England shall no doubt haue cause to say,
Edwards coronation was a ioyfull day.
And this is all Landoyse desires to see.

Rich. Thanks Landoyse, and here Earle Richmond vows,
If their kinde promises take but effect,
That as they haue promised I be made King,
I will so deale in gouerning the state,
Which now lies like a sauage shultred groue,
Where brambles, briars, and thornes, ouer-grow those sprigs,
Which if they might but spring to their effect,
And not be crost so by their contraries,
Making them subiect to these outrages,
Would proue such members of the Common-weale,
That England should in them be honoured,
As much as euer was the Romane state,
When it was gouerned by the Councels rule,
And I will draw my swoord braue country-men,
And neuer leaue to follow my resolute,
Till I haue mowed those brambles, briars and thornes
That hinder those that long to do vs good.

Ox. Why we have scapt the dangeroust brunt of all,
Which was his garrison at Milford Hauen,
Shall we dismay, or dant our friends to come?
Because he tooke the Duke of Buckingham?
No worthie friends, and louing country-men,
Oxford did neuer beare so base a minde,
He will not winke at murthers secretly put vp,

Nor suffer vpstarts to enioy our rightes,
Nor liue in England vnder an vsurping king,
And this is Oxfords resolution.

Rich. But Blunt, looke whose that knocks.

Blunt. My Lord, tis a messenger from the mother Queene,
And the Ladie Standley your mother, with letters.

Rich. Admit him straight, now shall we heare some newes.

Enters MESSENGER.

Mess. Long lieu Earle Richmond.
The mother Queene doth greet your honour.

Rich. Welcome my friend, how fares our mother & the rest?

Mess. In health my Lord, and glad to hear of your ariual safe.

Rich. My friend, my mother hath written to me of certaine that are comming in our aide, the report of whose names are referd to thee to deliuer.

Mess. First, theirs the Lord Talbut, the Earle of Shreuesbury sonne and heire, with a braue band of his owne.

There is also the Lord Fitz Harbart, the Earle of Pembrookes sonne and heire.

Of the Gentlemen of the Welch, there is sir Prise vp Thomas and Sir Thomas vp Richard, and sir Owen Williams, braue gentlemen my Lord. These are the chiefe.

Rich. Are these the full number of all that come?

Mess. Only two more my Lord, which I haue left vnnamed, the one is sir Thomas Denis a Westernne gentleman, and ioynd with him one Arnoll Butler, a great many are willing, but dares not as yet.

Rich. Doth Arnoll Butler come, I can hardly brooke his trecherie, for hee it was that wrought my disgrace with the King.

Ox. Well my Lord, wee are now to strengthen our selues with friends, and not to reape vp olde quarrels, say that Arnoll Butler did iniurie you in the time of peace, the mendes is twise made, if he stand with you in the time of warres.

Rich. Well my friend, take this for thy good newes, And commend me to our mother and the rest.
Thus my Lords, you see God still prouides for vs:

But now my Lords touching the placing of our battell best,
 And how we may be least indangered,
 Because I will be foremost in this fight,
 To incounter with that bloodie murtherer.
 My selfe wil lead the vaward of our troope,
 My Lord of Oxford, you as our second selfe,
 Shall haue the happie leading of the reare,
 A place I know which you will well deserue,
 And Captaine Blunt, Peter Landoyse and you,
 Shall by in quarters as our battels scowtes,
 Prouided, thus your bow-men Captaine Blunt,
 Must scatter here and there to gaulle their horse,
 As also when that our promised friends do come,
 Then must you hold hard skirmish with our foes,
 Till I by cast of a counter march,
 Haue ioyned our power with those that come to vs,
 Then casting close, as wings on either side,
 We will giue a new prauado on the foe,
 Therefore let vs towards Aderstoe amaine,
 Where we this night God-willing will incampe,
 From thence towards Lichfield, we will march next day,
 And neerer London, bid King Richard play. [Exit.]

ACT V.

Enters the PAGE.

Page. Where shall I finde a place to sigh my fill,
 And waile the griefe of our sore troubled King?
 For now he hath obtained the Diademe,
 But with such great discomfort to his minde,
 That he had better liued a priuate man, his lookes are gastly,
 Hidious to behold, and from the priuie sentire of his heart,
 There comes such deepe fetcht sighes and fearefull cries,
 That being with him in his chamber oft,
 He mooues me weepe and sigh for company,
 For if he heare one stirre he riseth vp,
 And claps his hand vpon his dagger straight,
 Readie to stab him, what so ere he be,
 But he must thinke this is the iust reuenge,

The heauens haue powred vpon him for his sinnes,
Those Peeres which he vnkindly murdered,
Doth crie for iustice at the hands of God,
And he in iustice sends continuall feare,
For to afright him both at bed and boord,
But staie, what noyse is this, who haue we here?

Enters men to go to RICHMOND.

How now sirs, whither are you going so fast?

Men. Why to Earle Richmond's Camp to serue with him.
For we haue left to serue King Richard now.

Page. Why comes there any more?

Men. A number more.

[*Exit.*

Page. Why these are the villaines my Lord would have put his life into their hands. A Richard, now do my eyes witnesse that thy end is at hand, For thy commons make no more account of thee then of a priuate man, yet will I as dutie bindes, giue thee aduertisements of their vniust proceedings. My maister hath lifted out many, and yet hath left one to lift him out of all, not onely of his Crowne, but also of his life. But I will in, to tell my Lord of what is happened.

Enters RICHMOND, and OXFORD.

Rich. Good my Lord depart, and leaue me to my selfe.

Ox. I pray my Lord, let me go along with you.

Rich. My Lord it may not be, for I haue promised my father that none shall come but my selfe, therefore good my Lord depart.

Ox. Good my Lord haue a care of your self, I like not these night walkes and scouting abroad in the euenings so disguised, for you must not now that you are in the vsurpers dominions, and you are the onely marke he aimes at, and your last nightes absence bred such amazement in our souldiers, that they like men wanting the power to follow Armes, were on a sodaine more liker to flie then to fight: therefore good my Lorde, if I may not stand neare, let me stand aloofe off.

Rich. Content thee good Oxford, and tho I confesse myself bound to thee for thy especiall care, yet at this time I pray thee hold me excused. But farewell my Lord, here comes my Lord and father.

Enters STANDLEY and another.

Stan. Captaine I pray thee bring me word when thou doest discrie the enemy. And so farewell, and leaue me for a while.

Rich. How fares my gracious Lord and father?

Stan. In good health my sonne, & the better to see thee thus foreward in this laudable enterprise, but omitting vain circumstances, and to come briefly to the purpose, I am now in fewe words to deliuer much matter. For know this, when I came to craue leaue of the King to depart from the court, the king verie furiously began to charge me that I was both acquainted with thy practises and drifts, and that I knew of thy landing, and by no meanes would grant me leaue to go, till as pledge of my loyaltie and true dealing with the king, I should leaue my yoong sonne George Standley. Thus haue I left my son in the hands of a tyrant, onely of purpose to come and speake with thee.

Rich. But omitting this, I pray tell me, shall I looke for your helpe in the battell?

Stan. Sonne I cannot, for as I will not go to the vsurper, no more I will not come to thee.

Rich. Why then it is bootlesse for us to staie, for all we presumed vpon, was on your aide.

Stan. Why sonne, George Standlyes death would doo you no pleasure.

Rich. Why the time is too troublesome, for him to tend to follow execution.

Stan. O sonne, tyrants expect no time, and George Standley being yoong and a grissell, is the more easie to be made away.

Rich. This newes goes to my heart, but tis in vaine for mee to looke for victorie, when with a mole-hill, we shall encounter with a mountaine.

Stan. Why sonne, see how contrarie you are, for I assure you, the chiefest of his company are liker to flie to thee, then to fight against thee: and for me, thinke me not so simple but that I can at my pleasure flie to thee, or being with them, fight so faintly, that the battell shall be wonne on thy part with small incountring. And note this besides, that the King is now come to Lester, and means to morrow to bid thee battel in Bosworth.

Enters MESSENGER.

Mess. Come my Lord, I do discry the enemy.

Stan. Why then sonne farewell, I can staie no longer.

Rich. Yet good father, one word more ere you depart,
What number do you thinke the kings power to be?

Stan. Mary some twentie thousand. And so farewell.

Rich. And we hardly fve thousand, being beset with many enemies, hoping vpon a few friends, yet dispair not Richmond, but remember thou fightest in right, to defende thy countrey from the tyrannie of an vsurping tyrant, therefore Richmond goe forward, the more dangerous the battell is in atteining, it prooues the more honourable being obtained. Then forward Richmond, God and Saint George, for me.

Quisquam regno gaudet, ô fallax bonum.

Enters the KING, and the LORD LOUELL.

King. The hell of life that hangs vpon the Crowne,
The daily cares, the nightly dreames,
The wretched crewes, the treason of the foe,
And horror of my bloodie practise past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That sleep I, wake I, or whatsoeuer I do,
Meethinkes their ghoasts comes gaping for reuenge,
Whom I haue slaine in reaching for a Crowne.
Clarence complaines, and crieth for reuenge.
My Nephues bloods, Reuenge, reuenge, doth crie.
The headlesse Peeres come preasing for reuenge.
And euery one cries, let the tyrant die.
The Sunne by day shines hotely for reuenge,
The Moone by night eclipseth for reuenge.
The Stars are turnd to Comets for reuenge.
The Planets chaunge their courses for reuenge.
The birds sing not, but sorrow for reuenge.
The silly lambes sits bleating for reuenge.
The screeking Rauens sits croking for reuenge.
Whole heads of beasts comes bellowing for reuenge
And all, yea all the world I thinke,
Cries for reuenge, and nothing but reuenge.
But to conclude, I haue deserued reuenge.

In company I dare not trust my friend,
 Being alone, I dread the secret foe :
 I doubt my foode, least poyson lurke therein.
 My bed is vncooth, rest refraines my head.
 Then such a life I count far worse to be,
 Then thousand deaths vnto a damned death :
 How, wast death I said ? who dare attempt my death ?
 Nay who dare so much as once to thinke my death ?
 Though enemies there be that would my body kill,
 Yet shall they leaue a neuer dying minde.
 But you villaines, rebels, traitors as you are
 How came the foe in, preasing so neare ?
 Where, where, slept the garrison that should a beat them
 back ?

Where was our friends to intercept the foe ?
 All gone, quite fled, his loyaltie quite laid a bed ?
 Then vengeance, mischiefe, horror, with mischance,
 Wilde-fire, with whirlwinds, light upon your heads,
 That thus betrayd your Prince by your vntruth.
 Frantike man, what meanst thou by this mood ?
 Now he is come more need to beate him backe.

Lou. Sowre is his sweete that sauours thy delight, great is
 his power that threats thy ouerthrow.

King. The bad rebellion of my foe is not so much, as for
 to see my friends do flie in flocks from me.

Lou. May it please your grace to rest your selfe content,
 for you haue power inough to defend your land.

King. Dares Richmond set his foote on land with such a
 small power of stragling fugatiues ?

Lou. May it please your grace to participate the cause
 that thus doth trouble you ?

King. The cause Buzard, what cause should I participate
 to thee ? My friends are gone away, and fled from me,
 keep silence villaine, least I by poste do send thy soule to
 hell, not one word more, if thou doest loue thy life.

Enter CATESBIE.

Cat. My Lord.

King. Yet againe villaine, ô Catesbie is it thou ? What
 comes the Lord Standley or no ?

Cat. My Lord, he answers no.

King. Why didst not tell him then, I would send his sonne George Standleys head to him.

Cat. My Lord I did so, & he answered, he had another sonne left to make Lord Standley.

King. O vilaine vilde, and breaker of his oath, the bartardes ghoast shall hant him at the heeles, and crie reuenga for his vild fathers wrongs, go Louell, Catsbie, fetch George Standly forth, him with these handes will I butcher for the dead, and send his headlesse bodie to his sire.

Cat. Leaue off executions now the foe is heere that threatens vs most cruelly of our liues.

King. Zownes, foe mee no foes, the fathers fact condemnes the sonne to die.

Lou. But guiltlesse blood will for reuengement crie.

King. Why was not he left for fathers loyaltie?

Lou. Therein his father greatly iniured him.

King. Did not your selues in presence, see the bondes sealde and assignde?

Lou. What tho my Lord the vardit own, the titles doth resign.

King. The bond is broke and I will sue the fine, except you will hinder me, what will you haue it so?

Lou. In doing true iustice, else we answere no.

King. His trecherous father hath neglect his word and done imparshall wast by dint of sword, therefore sirrah go fetch him. Zownes draw you cuts who shall go, I bid you go Catesby. A Richard, now maist thou see thy end at hand, why sirs why fear you thus? why we are ten to one, if you seeke promotion, I am Kinge alreadie in possession, better able to performe then he. Louell, Catesby, lets ioyne louingly and deuoutly together, and I will diuide my whole kingdome amongst you.

Both. We will my Lord.

King. We will my Lord, a Catesbie, thou lookest like a dog, and thou Louell too, but you will runne away with them that be gone, and the diuel go with you all, God I hope, God, what talke I of God, that haue serued the diuell all this while. No, fortune and courage for mee, and ioyne England against mee with England, Ioyne Europe with Europe, come Christendome, and with Christendome the whole world, and yet I will neuer yeeld but by death onely. By death, no die, part not childishly from thy Crowne, but

come the diuell to claime it, strike him down, & tho that Fortune hath decreed, to set reuenge with triumphs on my wretched head, yet death, sweete death, my latest friend, hath sworne to make a bargaine for my lasting fame, and this, I this verie day, I hope with this lame hand of mine, to rake out that hatefull heart of Richmond, and when I haue it, to eate it panting hote with salt, and drinke his blood luke warme, tho I be sure twil poyson me. Sirs you that be resolute follow me, the rest go hang your selues.

[*Exit.*]

The battell enters, RICHARD wounded, with his PAGE.

King. A horse, a horse, a fresh horse.

Page. A flie my Lord, and saue your life.

King. Flie villaine, looke I as tho I would flie, no first shall this dull and sencelesse ball of earth receiue my body cold and void of sence, you watry heauens rowle on my gloomy day, and darksome cloudes close vp my cheerfull sownde, downe is thy sunne Richard, neuer to shine againe, the birdes whose feathers should adorne my head, houer aloft & dares not come in sight, yet faint not man, for this day if Fortune will, shall make thee King possest with quiet Crowne, if Fates deny, this ground must be my graue, yet golden thoughts that reache for a Crowne, danted before by Fortunes cruell spight, are come as comforts to my drooping heart, and bids me keepe my Crowne and die a King. These are my last, what more I haue to say, ile make report among the damned soules.

[*Exit.*]

Enters RICHMOND to battell againe, and kills RICHARD.

Enters REPORT and the PAGE.

Re. How may I know the certain true report of this victorious battell fought to day, my friend what ere thou beest, tel vnto mee the true report, which part hath wonne the victorie, whether the King or no?

Page. A no the King is slaine and he hath lost the day, and Richmond he hath wonne the field, and tryumphs like a valiant conquerer.

Re. But who is slaine besides our Lord and soueraigne?

Page. Slaine is the worthie duke of Northfolke he, &

with him Sir Robart Brokenby, Lieftenant of the Tower, besides Louell, he made also a partner in this Tragedie.

Re. But wheres sir William Catsby?

Page. Hee is this day beheaded on a stage at Lester, because he tooke part with my Lord the King. But stay Report, & thou shalt heare me tell the brieue discourse, and how the battell fell. Then knowe Report, that Richard came to fielde mounted on horsback, with as high resolute as fierce Achillis mongst the sturdie Greekes, whom to encounter worthie Richmond, came accompanied with many followers, and then my Lord displayde his colours straight, and with the charge of Trumpet, Drum and Fyfe, these braue batalians straight encountred, but in the skirmish which continued long, my Lord gan faint, which Richmond straight perceiued, and presently did sound a fresh alarme, but worthie Richard that did neuer flie, but followed honour to the gates of death, straight spurd his horse to encounter with the Earle, in which encountrie Richmond did preuaile, & taking Richard at aduantage, then he threw his horse and him both to the ground, and there was woorthie Richard wounded, so that after that he nere recovered strength. But to be brieue, my maister would not yeeld, but with his losse of life he lost the field. Report farewell.

Enter EARLE RICHMOND, EARLE OXFORD, L. STANDLEY, and
their traine, with the Crowne.

Rich. Now noble Peeres and woorthie countrymen, since God has giuen vs fortune of the day, let vs first giue thanks vnto his Deitie, & next with honors fitting your deserts, I must be gratefull to my country men, and woorthie Oxford for thy seruice shewne in hote encountring of the enemy, Earle Richmond bindes himselfe in lasting bondes of faithfull loue and perfect vnitie. Sory I am for those that I haue lost by our so dangerous encountring with the foe, but sorrow cannot bring the dead to life : and therefore are my sorrows spent in vaine. Onely to those that liue, thus much I say, I will maintain them with an annuall paie. And louing father, lastly to your selfe, tho not the least in our expected aide, we giue more thanks for your vnlooked for aide, then we haue power on sodaine to declare, but for

your thanks I hope it shall suffice that I in nature loue & honor you.

L. Stan. Well spoken sonne, and like a man of worth, whose resolution in this battell past, hath made thee famous mongst thy enemies. And thinke my son, I glory more to heare what praise the common people gaue of thee, then if the Peeres by general full consent had set me downe to weare the Diadem. Then liue my sonne thus loued of thy friends, and for thy foes prepare to combate them.

Ox. And Oxford vowes perpetuall loue to thee, wishing as many honours to Earle Richmond, as Cæsar had in conquering the world, & I doubt not but if faire fortune follow thee, to see thee honoured mongst thy country men, as Hector was among the Lords of Troy or Tulley mongst the Romane Senators.

Rich. How fares our louely mother Queene?

Enters mother QUEENE and ELIZABETH.

Queen. In health Earle Richmond, glad to heare the newes that God hath giuen thee fortune of the day. But tell me Lords, where is my sonne Lord Marquesse Dorset, that he is not here? what was he murdered in this Tragedie?

Rich. No louely Queene your sonne doth liue in France, for being distrest and driuen by force of tempest to that shore, and many of our men being sicke and dead, we were inforst to aske the King for aide, as well for men as for munition, which then the King did willingly supply, provided, that as hostage for those men, Lord Marquesse Dorset should be pledge with thē. But Madame now our troubled warre is done, Lord Marquesse Dorset shall come home againe.

Queen. Richmond, gramercies for thy kinde good newes, which is no little comfort to thy friends, to see how God hath beene thy happie guide in this late conquest of our enemies. And Richmond, as thou art returned with victorie, so we will keepe our words effectually.

Rich. Then Madame for our happie battelles victorie, first thanke to heauen, next to my foreward country-men, but Madame pardon me tho I make bold to charge you with a promise that you made, which was confirmed by diuerse of the Peeres, touching the marriage of Elizabeth, and hauing

ended what I promised you, Madam, I looke and hope to haue my due.

Stan. Then know my sonne, the Peeres by full consent, in that thou hast freed them from a tyrants yoke, haue by election chosen thee as King, first in regard they account thee vertuous, next, for that they hope all forraine broyles shall seace, and thou wilt guide and gouerne them in peace, then sit thou downe my sonne, and here receiue the Crowne of England as thy proper owne, sit downe.

Ox. Henry the seuenth, by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Lord of Ireland, God saue the King.

All. Long liue Henry the seuenth, King of England.

Rich. Thanks louing friends and my kind countrymen, and here I vow in presence of you all, to root abuses from this common welth, which now flowes faster then the furious tyde that ouerflowes beyond the bankes of Nile. And louing father, and my other friends, whose ready forwardnesse hath made me fortunate, Richmond will still in honourable loue count himselfe to be at your dispose, nor do I wish to enioy a longer life, then I shall liue to think vpon your love. But what saith faire Elizabeth to vs? for now wee haue welcommed our other friends, I must bid you welcome Ladie amongst the rest, and in my welcome craue to be resolued, how you resolve touching my profered loue vnto you, here your mother and the Peeres agree, and all is ended, if you condescend.

Eliz. Then know my Lord, that if my mother please, I must in dutie yeeld to her command, for when our aged father left his life, he willed vs honour still our mothers age: and therefore as my dutie doth command, I do commit my self to her dispose.

Queen. Then here my Lord, receive thy royall spouse, vertuous Elizabeth, for both the Peeres and Commons do agree that this faire Princesse shall be wife to thee. And we pray all, that faire Elizabeth may liue for aye, and neuer yeeld to death.

Rich. And so say I, thanks to you all my Lords, that thus haue honoured Richmond with a Crowne, and if I liue, then make account my Lords I will deserue this with more than common loue.

Stan. And now were but my sonne George Standley here, How happie were our present meeting then,

But he is dead, nor shall I euer more see my sweete
 Boy whom do I loue so deare, for well I know the vsurper
 In his rage hath made a slaughter of my aged ioy.

Rich. Take comfort gentle father, for I hope my brother
 George will turne in safe to us.

Stan. A no my sonne, for he that ioyes in blood will
 worke his furie on the innocent.

Enters two MESSENGERS with GEORGE STANDLEY.

Stan. But how now what noyse in this?

Mess. Behold Lord Standley we bring thy sonne, thy
 sonne George Standley, whom with great danger we have
 saued from furie of a tyrants doome.

L. Stan. And liues George Standley? Then happie that
 I am to see him freed thus from a tyrants rage. Welcome
 my sonne, my sweete George welcome home.

George Stan. Thanks my good father, and George Standley
 ioyes to see you ioyned in this assembly. And like a lambe
 kept by a greedie Woolfe within the inclosed sentire of the
 earth, expecting death without deliuerie, euen from this
 daunger is George Standley come, to be a guest to Rich-
 mond & the rest: for when the bloodie butcher heard your
 honour did refuse to come to him, hee like a sauage tygre
 then enraged, commanded straight I should be murderd,
 & sent these two to execute the deed, but they that knew
 how innocēt I was, did post him off with many long
 delayes, alleaging reasons to alaie his rage, but twas
 in vaine, for he like to a starued Lionesse still called for
 blood, saying that I should die. But to be briefe, when
 both the battels ioyned, these two and others, shifted me
 away.

Rich. Now seeing that each thing turnes to our content,
 I will it be proclaimed presently, that traytrous Richard
 Be by our command, drawne through the streets of Lester,
 Starke naked on a Colliers horse let him be laide,
 For as of others paines he had no regard,
 So let him haue a traytors due reward.
 Now for our marriage and our nuptiall rytes,
 Our pleasure is they be solemnized
 In our Abby of Westminter, according to the ancient cus-
 tom due.

The two and twentieth day of August next,
Set forwards then my Lords towards London straight,
There to take further order for the state.

Mess. Thus Gentles may you heere behold,
The ioyning of these Houses both in one,
By this braue Prince Henry the seauenth,
Who was for wit compared to Saloman,
His gouernment was vertuous euery way,
And God did wonderously increase his store,
He did subdue a proud rebellious Lord,
That did encounter him vpon blacke heath.
He died when he had raigned full three and twentie yeares
Eight moneths, and some odde dayes, and lies buried
In Westminster. He died & left behind a sonne.

Mess. A sonne he left, a Harry of that name,
A worthie, valiant and victorious Prince,
For on the fifth yeare of his happie raigne,
Hee entered France, and to the Frenchmens costs,
Hee wonne Turwin and Turney.
The Emperor serued this King for common pay,
And as a mersonary prince did follow him.
Then after Morle and Morles, conquered he,
And still he keepe the French men at a bay.
And lastly in this Kings decreasing age he conquered
Bullen, and after when he was turned home he died,
When he had raigned full thirtie eight yeares,
Nine moneths and some odde dayes, and was buried in
Windsore.

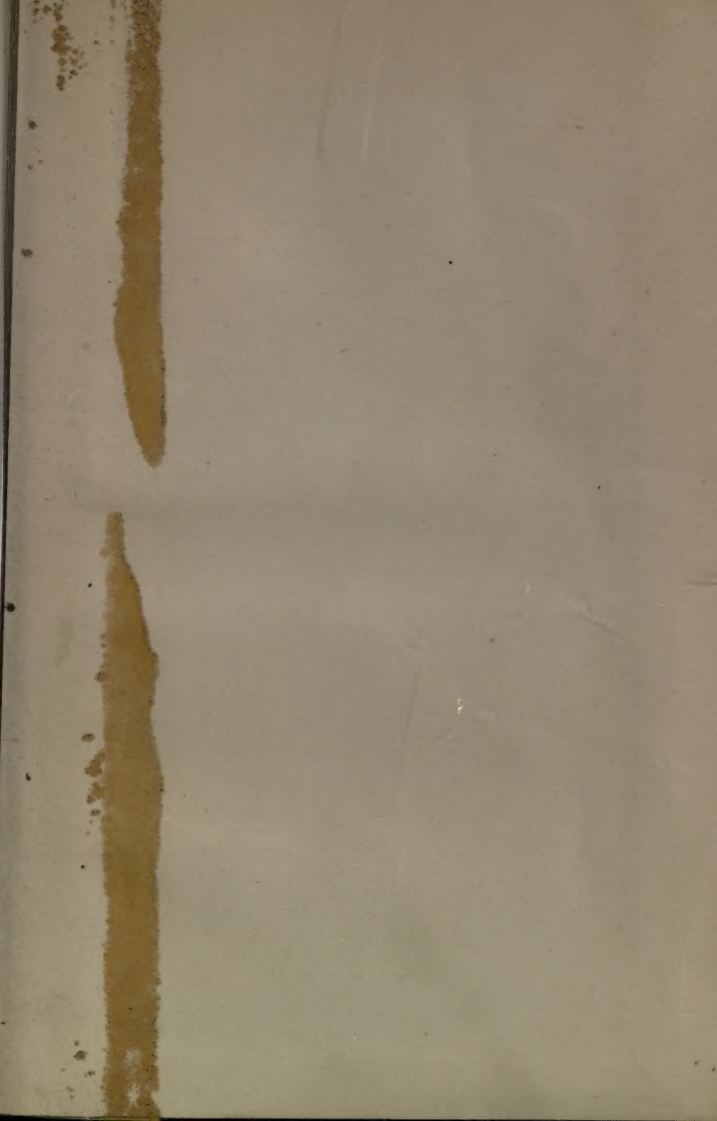
He died and left three famous sprigs behinde him.

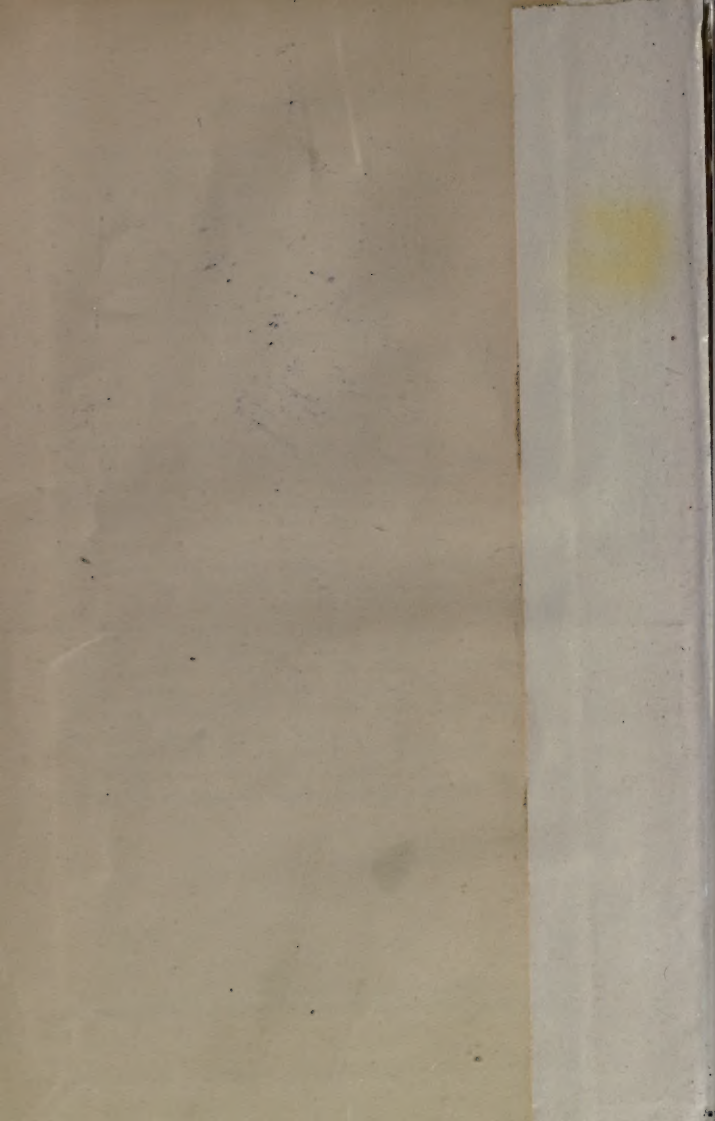
Edward the sixt :

He did restore the Gospell to his light,
And finished that his father left vndone.
A wise yong Prince, giuen greatly to his booke.
He brought the English seruice first in vse,
And died when he had raigned six yeares, fve
Moneths, and some odde dayes,
And lieth buried in Westminster.

Eliza. Next after him a Mary did succede,
Which married Philip King of Spaine,
She raigned fve yeares, foure moneths and some
Odde dayes, and is buried in Westminster.
When she was dead, her sister did succed.

Queene. Worthie Elizabeth, a mirrour in her age,
By whose wise life and ciuill gouernment,
Her country was defended from the crueltie
Of famine, fire and swoord, warres fearefull messengers
This is that Queene as writers truly say,
That God had marked downe to liue for aye.
Then happie England mongst thy neighbor Iles,
For peace and plentie still attends on thee:
And all the fauourable Planets smiles
To see thee liue in such prosperitie.
She is that lampe that keepes faire Englands light,
And through her faith her country liues in peace:
And she hath put proud Antichrist to flight,
And bene the meanes that ciuill wars did cease.
Then England kneele upon thy hairy knee,
And thanke that God that still prouides for thee.
The Turke admires to heare her gouernment,
And babes in Iury sound her princely name,
All Christian Princes to that Prince hath sent,
After her rule was rumord foorth by fame.
The Turke hath sworne neuer to lift his hand,
To wrong the Princesse of this blessed land.
Twere vaine to tell the care this Queene hath had,
In helping those that were opprest by warre:
And how her Maiestie hath stil bene glad,
When she hath heard of peace proclaim'd from far.
Ieneua, France, and Flanders hath set downe,
The good she hath done, since she came to the Crowne.
For which, if ere her life be tane away,
God grant her soule may liue in heauen for aye.
For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,
Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend.





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Shakespeare, William
Titus Andronicus

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